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THE Commonweal

Mr. Minow's Wasteland

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Breakthrough at Kaiser

LAWRENCE T. KING

Literary Bird-Watching

WILFRID SHEED

Poet from the West

THOMAS P. McDONNELL

VOLUME LXXVIII, NO. 1 MARCH 29, 1963 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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The Commonweal is a literary journal, a political journal, a religious journal. It has even been said it is all things to all men. Though an exaggeration, there is some point to this comment. The Commonweal does aim at variety and diversity. At the same time, it aims to focus sharply on those issues which concern thoughtful men.

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THE COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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Second-class postage paid at Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Bipartisanship

IN THE EARLY YEARS of the cold war Senator Vandenberg served as the leading symbol of bipartisan foreign policy. With the cooperation of the then-Senator Dulles he prevailed upon enough of his Republican colleagues to help put over the Marshall Plan in Truman's day. Congress did cut the requested appropriations for aid to Europe somewhat, but the funds were substantial enough to enable war-torn Western Europe soon to regain its feet. Bipartisanship was eminently successful.

As the cold war deepened, the idea of Democratic-Republican cooperation in foreign policy grew. It was prominent during the eight long Eisenhower years. It comes into play in the Kennedy Administration on such matters as the Alliance for Progress, appropriations for national defense and relations with the European Common Market. (From time to time, of course, bi-partisanship is evoked in an *ad hoc* fashion for some statesmanlike measure such as Senator Hart's or Representative Celler's current bills aimed at lightening or ending the restrictions in our present immigration laws, but these are special occasions outside the context of continuing policy). Bipartisanship has come to be a concomitant of conducting the cold war.

The attacks of various Republicans on the Kennedy Cuba policy present a variation on this dominant political pattern of recent years. In the van has been Senator Keating of New York, who will soon be up for re-election—also, to a lesser extent, the leading Presidential candidate, Governor Rockefeller of New York. This criticism has become somewhat muted for the moment, and when party-chairman William D. Miller proposed an outright blockade of Castro's Cuba, Senator Dirksen and other Republicans hastened to dissent.

Nevertheless, many who heard about Vice President Lyndon Johnson's attack on such critics, for being primarily interested in electioneering rather than in solving the nation's problems, felt he was quite justified. The question is whether such attacks on the Administration, resulting from "an inordinate preoccupation with frustrating the Chief Executive . . . [are] weakening or destroying public confidence in him."

CONSIDER the setbacks the President's policies have experienced in recent months. De Gaulle has thwarted Mr. Kennedy's plans for a NATO nuclear defense force and Britain's entry into the E.E.C., the first step in a grand design for Western cooperation on the economic development of Latin America and the new nations of the Afro-Asian world. American efforts to induce the Soviets to agree to a policed test ban on thermonuclear weapons continue to be fruitless. The Alliance for Progress, dependent upon a social revolution far beyond the moderates on whom our officials have counted up to now, is badly stalled. The Soviet Union is keeping the bulk of its troops in Cuba, solidifying the island's defenses and facilitating the heightening of subversion in Latin American lands ripe for Communism. Our own national economy stubbornly refuses to come to life; unemployment is at a peak.

Yet despite these galling situations, these failures and this dashing of hopes—together with the vociferous Republican efforts to exploit them—the President's popularity is unabated. The latest Gallup Poll indicates that sixty-three per cent of the electorate intends to vote for Mr. Kennedy in 1964 even if the most popular Republican candidate opposes him. What is the evidence for the charge that his critics have succeeded in "destroying public confidence in him?"

There is a further point. Foreign policy gives every promise of being a preoccupation with American governments for years to come. Even where the opposition's bitterest criticisms are the belaboring of past mistakes, the bemoaning of situations that have become virtually irrevocable, it is always

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possible that they may throw light on decisions to come. It is incumbent upon a responsible opposition party to offer feasible alternatives, particularly in the sensitive area of foreign policy in this divided, thermonuclear world. On occasion opposition critics may well advocate steps that could lead straight to armageddon, but such risks will not long remain unchallenged. The most incisive minds of both parties need to be permitted free expression if this nation is successfully to confront present and future dangers.

Breaking the Silence

UNDER NORMAL circumstances, an act of suppression in an American Catholic college or university passes unnoticed. That is not surprising. Who would comment on it? There is no such thing as a Catholic academic freedom association; Catholic undergraduate newspapers are subject to prior censorship; Catholic faculty members usually know better than to make public statements about administration policies; and the diocesan press as a rule is not given to exposés.

For all these reasons, the recent events at the Catholic University of America can only lead us to rub our eyes. The only thing that wasn't surprising was the initial incident which triggered the chain reaction of protest. That Fathers John Courtney Murray, Hans Kung, Godfrey Diekmann and Gustave Weigel were not approved as speakers was, of course, shocking—but it was a fairly routine kind of shock, one easily matched by others.

But who could have predicted, when the Catholic University incident first became public knowledge, that it would become a *cause célebre*? Who could have predicted that numerous diocesan papers would attack the University's decision; that some bishops would join in that attack; that the Catholic University faculty would make its unhappiness known to the public; that Monsignor John Tracy Ellis would, in a letter to *The Oklahoma Courier*, charge that "for nearly a decade this type of suppression has been going on constantly at this university"?

COMMONWEAL ASSOCIATES

As the most recent list of names on pp. 30-31 of this issue will suggest, the response to date to the appeal of the "Commonweal Associates" has been excellent. It is very difficult for us to express adequately our appreciation to those who joined; suffice it to say that we are immensely encouraged and hope their number will grow.

In short, history has been made; all the rules of Catholic academic secrecy have been broken. There are many possible morals to be drawn here. Some are obvious. There can be no excuse for any Catholic college or university, much less the Catholic University of America, to exclude any speaker on the grounds that he is controversial or that his appearance might seem to commit a university to support of his viewpoint. Nor can there be any excuse for administration fiat independent of the wishes and desires of its faculty.

Yet these points, hardly exhaust the issue. Even more importantly, the Catholic University incident has shown the great damage that can be wrought within a university when its faculty members are not free to make public arbitrary acts of censorship and suppression. For this means that there is no recourse in the face of abuses of authority or the timidity of authority. The one thing which has saved Catholic University from criticism for so many years has been the inability of the faculty to make its complaints known. In this respect, the clerical faculty members have had even less freedom than lay teachers.

Finally, the Catholic University incident has demonstrated the value of a direct, detailed discussion of a specific, sensitive issue in the Catholic press. As a result of the incident, there are bound to be some useful discussions of Catholic academic freedom. But it is very doubtful that these discussions will be of any permanent value if they are conducted on the abstract level. They must be accompanied by concrete criticisms of current practices; and accompanied as well by a public exposure of hidden abuses. This means that faculty members must have the courage to speak out; that diocesan papers must have the courage to print what they say. The wall of silence must be broken.

World Hunger

IN THIS time of the Church's fast it is well to recall that over half the people in the world still go to bed hungry every night. Nor is it the pain of hunger alone that must be the Christian's concern. Aside from hunger, the diet which the majority of the earth subsist on is below the accepted standard of nutrition needed for maintaining full health. This must be the single most scandalous fact in an age when every technological means is available to alleviate it.

World Freedom from Hunger Week, March 17-23, serves to call attention to the long-range program of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) working to reduce this scan-

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dal. What each Christian can do is to commit himself by some personal action to alleviate world hunger. The very least he can do is purchase and use the stamps commemorating the world freedom from hunger campaign to be issued by one hundred and forty of the world's postal administrations.

TFX Troubles

IN HIS plans for the development of an interservice experimental tactical fighter aircraft (TFX) Secretary McNamara has given us still another lesson in the hazards of decision making. Among the many people who seem to be unhappy about his decision this time the observer can discern what seem to be two distinct factions. Each of these is worried about a different aspect of the Secretary's plans, and each has possibly some instruction to offer in the ways of a democracy.

There are those, principally Congressmen, who are mostly concerned with the Secretary's decision to award the contract for the development of the new fighter to General Dynamics and Grumman Aircraft rather than to the lower bid of Boeing Aircraft. These have, of course, aired suspicions of "political favoritism" which have resulted in an inquiry by the Senate's permanent sub-committee.

It would be hard to claim that the contract award does not represent a political plum in some constituency. Yet it would be hard, if not impossible, to prove "favoritism," especially where Mr. McNamara is concerned. The complexity and technicality of the issues are humbling for the layman. But it is at least clear that Mr. McNamara judged that not awarding the contract to Boeing would ultimately save the taxpayers a billion dollars or more. Moreover, in his crisply worded, thirty-two page statement to the subcommittee McNamara assumed full responsibility for the decision. It is just this, however, which goads the second faction of critics.

The latter, made up principally of the military, are most concerned with what they call McNamara's "dictatorial" policies in the Pentagon. A substantial number of the military (though not the chiefs of the Navy and Air Force, the two services involved) felt that a two-service fighter plane was needed and that McNamara did not take sufficient account of their arguments.

Frankly, to the layman McNamara's decision to develop one interservice fighter looks like a saving of money and, more important, of time. In that sense it seems to have been the most economical one in the interest of national defense. Regardless, of this point, however, the complaints of the military may simply indicate that the Secretary is doing an excellent job. In exercising strongly that civilian control over the military which the Constitution so wisely provides for, McNamara stands in the line of the great Secretaries of Defense.

Readers of The Commonweal may be interested in two coming television programs on "The Crisis of Faith in the Modern World." Panel members are: Mr. Joseph Cunneen, Father Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., Father George Hagmeier, C.S.P., Dr. Martin Marty, Father Gerard S. Sloyan, and Dr. Vincent Smith. Moderator of the programs is James O'Gara, managing editor of The Commonweal. CBS-TV, "Look Up and Live," Sunday, March 24 and 31, 10:30 AM EST.

In this issue, we are pleased to present the first of what will be a regular monthly column by Wilfrid Sheed. Mr. Sheed is the author of "A Middle Class Education," Associate Editor of "Jubilee" and a member of the staff of Sheed & Ward. We welcome him to our pages.

WASHINGTON REPORT

Dean Rusk and the President

WHEN TALLEYRAND relinquished the Foreign Ministry, he said in presenting the permanent officials to his successor: "You will find them loyal, intelligent, accurate, and punctual but, thanks to my training, not at all zealous." When his successor evinced some surprise, Talleyrand reiterated his point: "Yes, except for a few of the junior clerks who, I am afraid, close up their envelopes with a certain amount of precipitation, everyone here maintains the greatest calm; hustle and bustle are unknown."

These remarks, subject to a slight discount for Talleyrand's characteristic droll humor, epitomize the attitude of the old-fashioned diplomats toward their profession. Speed was an enemy, and since the problems of today were very much like those of yesterday, they could best be left for further consideration tomorrow. Dean Rusk's misfortune is that he has the outlook of the old-fashioned diplomat but he is serving as Secretary of State in an Administration that is trying to practice instant diplomacy.

"Cumbersome State Department procedures do not give us the quick and precise answers we need, when we need them," McGeorge Bundy, the principal White House assistant on foreign affairs, has said.

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Talleyrand or Metternich would have smiled at both halves of this remark: the assumption that speed, rather than care and deliberate thought, was to be preferred in a foreign office and the assumption that "precise answers," over and beyond mere matters of factual information, are often possible in diplomacy. Perhaps, in his private moments, Dean Rusk, too, gives way to a sardonic smile, although he is not a man who often lets slip his public mask of bland imperturbability and iron reticence.

To the public, Rusk is an almost unknown figure. To official Washington, he is familiar yet enigmatic; he has many colleagues but few intimates. His private meetings with newspapermen are scarcely more revealing than his press conferences, which never venture beyond careful re-statements of what President Kennedy said at *his* last press conference. Rusk's first press adviser (Roger Tubby) resigned in despair because the Secretary never confided in him; his replacement (Robert Manning) gets on only slightly better.

Rusk's relations with the President are decidedly ambiguous. He is the only cabinet member with whom Mr. Kennedy is not on a first-name basis; he is addressed as "Mr. Secretary." The President frequently interferes in the personnel assignments at State in ways that do not accord with Rusk's opinions. This month, for example, Mr. Kennedy has transferred George McGhee, the Secretary's only personal friend in the top level of the department, from his job as Undersecretary of State to the post of Ambassador to West Germany. This was because the President was dissatisfied with McGhee's performance; many officials shared this dissatisfaction and believe Averell Harriman is a superior replacement, but Rusk was not one of their number and he is, after all, the Secretary of State. Yet, from all reports, the President's relations with Rusk are harmonious and he goes out of his way in public to praise the Secretary.

ONLY WITH Congress is Rusk an unqualified, unquestionable success. His soft Southern speech (he is a native of Georgia), his factual, sober responses, his calm demeanor, and his enormous patience serve to soothe those swollen senatorial egos and dampen even the warmest partisan complaints. Not since General George Marshall left the State Department more than fourteen years ago has any incumbent had such a smooth passage on Capitol Hill.

Yet his acceptance in Congress and his invisibility to the public have not protected Rusk from becoming the object of attack. The collapse of the Administration's European policy in the wake of General de Gaulle's assault on Anglo-American influence on the Continent has prompted the inevitable search for a scapegoat. This search has not become evident in anything remotely so vulgar as the right-wing Republican attack on Dean Acheson's patriotism or so frontal as the Democratic attack on John Foster Dulles' "brinkmanship."

Rather, this "exercise," as we say in Washington these days, is confined to official circles and to opinion-makers. Word circulates that the President is frustrated by the State Department's slowness and that he increasingly contemplates replacing Rusk with Bundy. The *grands seigneurs* of the press corps, columnists Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop, have respectively suggested that Rusk should assert himself more when policy is being formed and that the State Department is drastically in need of overhaul.

Is Rusk doing a good job? Does the State Department need to be reorganized yet again? These questions, like most of the issues that arise in foreign affairs, are not susceptible to simple, definitive answers. They are matters for judgment, and each observer judges in terms of his own preconceptions. But some points are clear and beyond dispute. First, no amount of exhortation from the columnists is going to transform Rusk into a dynamic administrator. He simply does not have time left in his day to reorganize the department or to pay more attention to day-to-day administration than he now gives it. Nor will any prodding from press or President make him into a more crisp, assertive, creative maker of policy. He has the irremovable style and temperament of a high bureaucrat; he is cautious, tactful, circumspect, preoccupied with immediate problems rather than large vistas, excellent on details and intricate negotiations but short of imagination and absolutely without flair.

Secondly, it is clear that Rusk is exactly the kind of Secretary of State that Mr. Kennedy wanted when he took office. He did not want a dominating, idiosyncratic personality like Acheson or Dulles. He did not want a well-known political figure such as Adlai Stevenson or Chester Bowles. Since he desired, as the cliché goes, "to be his own Secretary of State," he searched for a man who was some combination of technician, career diplomat, and administrator. Rusk, a former college professor who rose through wartime service in the Pentagon to be an assistant secretary of state under Acheson and then head of the Rockefeller Foundation, fitted this prescription almost perfectly. If the President now decides Rusk will not do, this will be because Mr. Kennedy initially misjudged his needs, not his man.

In fact, however, the answer most usually arrived at by those who play the rather cruel guessing game about Rusk's future is that the President is not sufficiently dissatisfied with his performance to drop him, at least not during his first term in office. A change before the 1964 elections might be interpreted by the public as a sign of confusion and weakness in the Administration.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(William V. Shannon is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington.)

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Television As an Unpopular Art Form

Mr. Minow's Wasteland

WILL SPARKS

TWO YEARS have elapsed since FCC Chairman Newton N. Minow lambasted the broadcasting industry with his celebrated "wasteland" speech. Considering the outraged cries of "censorship!" and "extortion!" with which the broadcasters greeted Minow's criticism, there seems to have been remarkably little change in TV programming. Some westerns have disappeared, to be replaced largely by situation comedies, hyperthyroid doctors, and pneumatic nurses. Jackie Gleason is back. There are, perhaps, a few more news and public affairs "specials" than were common at the precise moment of Minow's complaint, but they are neither more frequent nor better-financed than many which vanished in the 1950's. Altogether, it has not been a TV season likely to undermine an intelligent invalid's desire to get well and out of the house.

This is not surprising. The forces which make television what it is in America are such as to be all but immune to persuasion, threats, or even administrative ukase. If this is not yet apparent to Mr. Minow, it certainly can be no secret to another well-known reformer, Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver, former President of the National Broadcasting Company.

During his tenure at NBC, Weaver initiated many experiments designed—in his own pet phrase—to "upgrade the audience." Accepting at face value that old show business bromide about the need "to give the public what it wants," he said, in effect, that broadcasters also have a responsibility to encourage the public to want something better. As mothers endlessly tell young children at the dinner table, you can't dislike what you've never tasted. Pat Weaver wanted an occasional effort to at least test the limits of what the public will accept and he insisted that NBC producers submit periodic reports about what they were doing to accomplish this.

The results, if not profound, did produce such shows as the Sunday afternoon "Wide Wide World," best-financed, most widely viewed public affairs series in TV history, and the highly successful documentary about the U.S. Navy in World War Two, *Victory at Sea,* with music by Richard Rodgers. (The latter 26-chapter series, incidentally, was largely nursed along by Robert Sarnoff, as executive vice president under Weaver. Today, as chief executive of the network, Sarnoff admits that he had little faith in the series. "I didn't think anybody would be interested in it," a recent issue of *TV Guide* quotes him as saying.) Finally, Pat Weaver's concern with the creative aspects of programming, his receptiveness to new ideas, and his tolerance for inevitable failures produced a kind of sustained excitement among writers, directors, and producers never quite forgotten by those who experienced it.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of the Weaver era at NBC is not what it achieved, however, but what it failed to achieve. For it was during the same period that Robert Kintner, over at ABC, was launching the era of filmed television westerns. At NBC, in fact, it was customary to refer to the smaller competitor as "the Cowboy Network." Yet today it is Mr. Kintner who helps Mr. Sarnoff run the National Broadcasting Company, while Mr. Weaver is back in the advertising business. Of the shows he conceived or largely influenced, only "Today" and "Tonight" remain.

Weaver, of course, was not the only television executive of his time who tried to encourage high-caliber public affairs shows. There were also such programs as Robert Saudek's "Omnibus"—begun with a Ford Foundation subsidy—and the Fred Friendly-Edward R. Murrow "See It Now." True, they were clustered together in what became known as the "Sunday afternoon ghetto" of cultural affairs shows, but they were more ambitious undertakings than any *continuing series* of public affairs shows to appear since—a fact worth keeping in mind while evaluating network claims to a "new emphasis" on such programming.

What a number of talented individuals have tried and failed to accomplish despite positions of influence within the industry, Newton Minow is now attempting as Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. "The valuable grant to use a scarce public channel should go to those who provide more public service in preference to those who provide less," he has said. Everything hinges, of course, on the legal interpretation

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WILL SPARKS, a previous contributor to The Commonweal, has done much writing for television, including service on the writing staff of NBC-TV's "Wide Wide World."

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of "public service." The FCC's authority to regulate programming in some degree is admitted by even the most violent advocates of *laissez faire* within the industry. The question which the courts may ultimately have to decide is whether Chairman Minow is going too far.

THE Communications Act of 1943 clearly authorizes the FCC to consider the nature and content of the programs proposed to be broadcast by applicants in deciding whether to grant construction permits or station licenses. It also authorizes the Commission to consider the general nature and content of the programs which have been broadcast in deciding whether to renew, modify, or revoke broadcasting station permits or licenses. At the same time, however, Section 326 of the Act states that: "Nothing in this Act shall be understood or construed to give the Commission the power of censorship over the radio communications or signals transmitted by any radio station, and no regulation or condition shall be promulgated or fixed by the Commission which shall interfere with the right of free speech by radio communication."

Even without Section 326, of course, any authority the Commission might exercise in the field of programming would be limited by the Constitution, and particularly by the First Amendment's requirement that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

Washington attorney W. Theodore Pierson, a leading legal spokesman for members of the broadcasting industry, is of the opinion that Minow does, indeed, go too far. Citing the "wasteland" speech, Pierson says, "His description of what he approves and disapproves was sufficiently explicit to enable any normally intelligent broadcaster to choose and select programs that will satisfy Chairman Minow's standards. The message was loud and clear. The broadcaster can throw out some programs completely, change the formats of others, and get some new ones that fit the specifications."

The specificity of Minow's criticism becomes objectionable, according to lawyer Pierson, chiefly because he made it clear at the same time that the broadcaster owes to the public the type of programming that he, Minow, specified—and that he intends, in his official capacity, to see that the broadcaster pays this debt by using the licensing power of the Commission. Pierson concludes: ". . . it seems to me that, considering these vigorous words, the Chairman simply said to the broadcaster, 'Unless you broadcast or propose to broadcast what I favor and have specified, you will not be permitted by our Commission to broadcast anything.' This, in my opinion, is a prior restraint upon broadcast communications, it is censorship, and it violates the First Amendment."

The extent of Chairman Minow's legal authority to attack program standards will eventually be established by the courts. It is not my intention to add needlessly to the millions of words on that subject already immortalized by court stenographers. I have a different objection to Mr. Minow's *pronunciamentos,* which is that they are making matters worse instead of better.

The Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, once observed that, "Columbus, who, fixed in the idea of reaching India by sailing west, finds America on his way and does not recognize it at once but is persuaded that he has landed in India, symbolizes the lot of man in history." Newton Minow, having set his course in pursuit of better television, may not be aware that, the moment he hoisted sail, matters became even more difficult for those of us in the industry who seek the same objective.

The central problem of the artist (if I may call him that) in television is that he must consider too many people besides himself and the audience. Specifically, he must consider the producer, the executive producer, the continuity acceptance man from the network, the network vice president in charge of his department, the advertising agency, the sponsor's advertising manager, the sponsor himself (if not the sponsor's wife), and the rating services. These are nearly always individuals who are often in error, but never in doubt. And Newton Minow's principal accomplishment to date has been adding himself to that list.

Take the matter of violence. The moment somebody in Chairman Minow's position publicly deplores the "excess of violence on television," I begin hearing an imaginary conversation between one of the above parties and Will Shakespeare, who has had the misfortune to bring forth the manuscript of "Hamlet" shortly after the pronouncement. "Do you realize what you've done, kid?" the conversation runs. "A ghost is, maybe, all right. But you've got a father being knocked off by his brother . . . a son whose whole motivation is killing the uncle . . . a suggestion of incest . . . the girl goes insane . . . the hero knocks off *her* father, not to mention his college pals, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Do you have any idea what the FCC would do to us if I let you put this on the air?"

The point is obvious: there is nothing wrong with violence *per se* as a subject for dramatic portrayal.

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What matters is the intent, the purpose to which it is put, and the artistry with which it is employed. But if government officials are going to distinguish between the gratuitous—and deplorable—violence of third-rate TV shows and the violence to be found in "Hamlet" or the Old Testament, they will need better credentials than a law school diploma.

How, for example, does one set up criteria which will admit the good westerns and ban the bad? And there are good westerns. As has been frequently pointed out, the western is an American morality play. The hero, though quick on the trigger, usually possesses the great virtues of prudence, courage, temperance, justice, faith, hope and charity. The villain is a wild west incarnation of the Devil, and between him and our be-Stetsoned Everyman stand the supporting players, embodying human strengths and weaknesses, redeemed or condemned according to their deeds. I for one find good examples of this genre considerably more rewarding than many of the self-consciously "uplifting" dramatic efforts of shows like "Playhouse 90," the demise of which is so often cited as one of the evils of contemporary television. The only thing wrong with a show like "Gunsmoke" is that it is always followed by a dozen inferior imitations inspired solely by a desire to capitalize on the commercial success of the original. There is a reason for this and even, possibly, a solution.

Ray Bradbury, a distinguished short story writer and sometime contributor to television, recently confessed to United Press International: "I think the greatest moment of my life came two years ago when I looked at a television producer across a table and said . . . 'You're not qualified . . . not qualified to have an opinion on writing, not qualified to have an opinion on directing or photography or cutting. And since your main aim in life is the fast buck, you're not even qualified to have an opinion on life itself.' "

TELEVISION today is in much the same position as Hollywood was in the twenties and thirties. "Television could combine the best of motion pictures and the stage," film star Bette Davis said recently, "but right now most of it is like the movies when I first came to Hollywood—fast shooting schedules and poor scripts."

Mr. Bradbury and Miss Davis are discussing cause and effect; together they are defining the principal problem of contemporary television: there are too many fast bucks to be made, with the result that control of the medium rests in the hands of people whose sole interest is the capital gain waiting at the completion of a series. It is one thing to accept the restrictions of public taste while pursuing one's own wish to communicate; it is quite another to have no interest whatever beyond exploiting public enthusiasm for quick personal profit. Most television programming today, unfortunately, is being determined by individuals who belong to the latter category. The medium will improve when they are encouraged to go away, and the way to do this is to make the job less profitable.

The first promising step in that direction is the new federal requirement, originally sought by the FCC, to require that all TV sets manufactured in the future be equipped to receive both the UHF and the VHF signal, which will make dozens of additional channels available to every set owner. Once this occurs, I think we will see a steadily increasing number of broadcasting entrepreneurs trying to carve out for themselves a large share in one of the minority audiences in the same manner that the demise of many of the mass circulation magazines has been accompanied by an upsurge in profitable specialized publications such as newsletters. Or, by an even closer analogy, we will see a repetition of what happened to radio with the advent of FM.

Industry spokesmen, interestingly, cite this portion of radio history as an argument against efforts to put more TV stations on the air. When radio stations were limited to fewer than nine hundred during the thirties and forties, they contend, the industry supported many fine programs, from symphony orchestras to sustaining dramatic programs. When the number was allowed to rise to some thirty-five hundred by 1960—and today there are perhaps five thousand—most of them deteriorated to little more than licensed juke boxes. The competition which, according to the industry, gives us the best television in the world is apparently dependable only so long as the government does not let it get out of hand.

Actually, I agree that perhaps ninety percent of the postwar radio stations are grinding out low-budget program fare which I happen to consider trash. But the remaining ten percent are offering more Bach, more news, and more discussion programs than were available from the entire industry in 1935. During the New York newspaper strike, ABC's FM outlet has devoted itself to continuous repetition of recorded news. Obviously, this is not something one listens to for a long time, but it is an extreme convenience to be able to turn on the radio at any moment during the day or evening and hear the news. This, I think, is a proper use for the people's airways and the loss of Arch Oboler and Norman Corwin is a small price to pay for it.

AS IT HAPPENS, there is also on the horizon a solution to the problem of how to find money for the expensive, quality productions if television is allowed to follow in the path of FM radio. It is pay television, which most industry spokesmen also oppose. The usual argument is, as best as I've been able to understand it, that (1) people won't pay for what they now get for nothing, and (2) commercial TV will be ruined because pay TV will use its vast earning power to gobble up all the best talent and properties.

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It is my belief that Newton Minow would do us better service if he would cease to concern himself with the details of contemporary programming, which only makes matters worse for those in the industry he is trying to help, and concentrate instead on giving the advocates of *laissez faire* that free competitive market they say they want.

All of those who advocate pay TV should be given a chance to bet their money, if they can do it without jamming anybody else's channel, because this is the only way to find out just how much we really depend on the present system. If there is any rock-bottom freedom in the United States, it must surely be the freedom to court bankruptcy with one's own money. Mike Todd produced his first motion picture at a time when Hollywood was rapidly going broke, and gave us "Around the World in 80 days." The economics of the Broadway theater have rarely been worse, yet producer David Merrick is getting richer every year and enriching his audiences in the process. Whatever alchemy it is that these men have mastered, it will never turn up in any report of a network research department—and that is the real problem of the broadcasting industry.

So far as the performing arts are concerned, the advent of radio and television returned the artist to the era of the medicine show: he became once more a performer whose principal role was to gather an audience to whom the Professor could sell his nostrum. This was a retrogression from even the circus, where the performance is an end in itself and that which the audience pays for.

Our reason for this procedure was that it financed use of the airwaves outside of government control, which is an excellent idea. There is nothing sacrosanct about the advertiser's role in broadcasting, however, and if further technological advance makes it possible for the artist to go back to pleasing only the audience which pays him, then the advertiser should be dismissed with our thanks for having helped us through a difficult time.

Now that, thanks to the FCC, there are going to be more channels on everybody's TV set, creating a potentially larger market, Pat Weaver may be able to move ahead with the "fourth network" devoted to quality program fare which he tried unsuccessfully to launch after being dropped by NBC. If he doesn't someone else certainly will. If, in addition, the Commission will turn a deafer ear to industry protests against pay-TV experiments and will, finally, get just as many stations on the air as private capital is prepared to finance, I think the programming problems which cause Mr. Minow concern will take care of themselves.

It is to be hoped that this can be accomplished without additional information about Newton Minow's personal likes and dislikes. For if there is anything which a television writer gets enough of, it's advice about how to do his job.

The Year I Reached the Years of God

by Samuel Hazo

"And Chesed, and Hazo, and Pildash, and Jidlaph, and Bethuel." *Genesis, 22:22*

Sired from Pentateuchal tribes,
I guess my genealogy
through Syrians, Assyrians
and what unscriptured lineage
of Canaanites, Egyptians, Kurds,
Phoenicians, Romans, Philistines
the world nor I shall ever learn.

On this my thirty-third July
I match the years of Jesus Christ
an ocean and a sea removed
from Galilean lakes He walked,
the shores my father's people fished,
the songs my mother's people struck
from tambourines and cradled lutes.

With skills of singers, bargainers
or lutanists they brought their blood
and such ancestral names as Paul,
Elias, Joseph, Hanna, George,
Zarifa, Lottie, Aphia
from Saida and Jerusalem
to this remote America.

Buried in Allegheny hills,
that generation found its peace
in graves unmarked, unvisited.
They live most purely in amens
that end the prayers I say for them
in what was once their second tongue.
How soon each generation braves

its term to spur its followers
to seek what always shall persist!
I praise the risen Christ they praised
in Arabic in Asia.
But these my thirty-three reprieves
bring me no nearer to the Lord
who shall outlast these kindred years

I count as if to stay His will
that draws us finally to graves
and back to blood of families
themselves drawn back to villages,
the skiffs of fishermen, a prince
in thorns, a banished murderer
and dust beneath the breath of God.

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Breakthrough at Kaiser

LAWRENCE T. KING

MUCH OF the ferment underlying current labor-management relations can be traced directly to the basic conflict between American industry's drive to attain maximum operating efficiency and organized labor's concern with job security. The inability of both sides to break the ideological bonds of the past has aggravated the situation and has produced unpleasant consequences for the public in the field of transportation—air, sea and rail—in the steel and aerospace industries and in the protracted newspaper strike in New York.

American labor is no longer an oppressed force fighting for recognition and an end to exploitation; American industry is no longer in the hands of the "public-be-damned" type of capitalist who regarded unionism as a form of insidious subversion. Yet the current distemper in labor-management relations reveals a retrogressive tendency, a callous disregard for the general welfare and an irrational refusal to face today's economic realities.

For years, big business and big labor—with big government looking over their shoulders—have opened their contractual negotiations with solemn declarations affirming their awareness of their responsibilities to the public. In the heat of collective bargaining, however, the public interest invariably has been the first to be shunted aside in pursuit of the negotiators' own objectives. The result in many cases has been government intervention, with inevitable cries of "federal coercion" when pressure is applied to make one or both of the combatants get back to the realization that the public's stake in a settlement transcends their own interests. In the light of these trends, it is refreshing—and encouraging—to know that there are elements in American labor and industry anxious to forget the shibboleths of the past and get down to the actualities posed by the challenge of automation.

Just before Christmas, workers of the Kaiser Steel Corporation's vast complex at Fontana, California, were invited to a meeting at the nearby San Bernardino county fairgrounds to hear for the first time the results of a three-year study by a nine-man commission—representing the corporation, the United Steelworkers Union and the public—on the problems of increased production, automation and job security. The stage for this unprecedented meeting was set in the bitter steel strike of 1959. At that time Edgar Kaiser broke the solid front of the steel industry by offering to sign a contract with the Steelworkers if the union would agree to the establishment of a tripartite commission that would come up with a "long-range plan for equitable sharing between stockholders, the employees and the public of the fruits of the company's progress."

Many union ideologues were wary of such a study—their approach had hardened into a philosophy of "make-work" projects, shorter work weeks, longer vacations and earlier retirements. But they readily conceded that acceptance of the proposal was a small price to pay for a contract that would settle the basic issues of wages and work rules. Furthermore, they had been assured that the commission would be empowered only to make recommendations which could be accepted or rejected by a vote of the union membership.

Three years later, when the Fontana workers gathered to hear the details of the commission's study, there was still some doubt as to their reaction to this innovation in labor-management cooperation. Of Kaiser's seven thousand Fontana workers, only about a thousand bothered to attend the meeting. They heard the plan outlined by Kaiser, David McDonald, president of the Steelworkers and Dr. George W. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania, the public representative on the panel.

By the time the meeting was over, it was evident that the panel had succeeded in dispelling all doubts. In fact, newsmen covering the event reported an "enthusiastic reception" and predicted the Kaiser plan—as it has come to be called—would win acceptance. They proved to be correct. Two months later, it was submitted to a vote; it was approved overwhelmingly. On March 1, the plan went into effect for a four-year period.

BASICALLY, the plan will give Kaiser employees almost one-third of all savings on the cost of producing steel. The savings—whether they be the result of better materials, improved technological processes or the efforts of the workers themselves—will be distributed across the board to all workers, not on an individual basis. This figure was agreed on because labor accounts for one-third of all Kaiser production costs.

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Under the new concept, the union agreed to give up the individual and work crew incentives, long a vaunted part of its contract. Since these incentives benefited only forty percent of the Fontana work force, it was clearly a matter of giving up a good thing for a better one. The new incentives for cutting costs and raising productivity will benefit everyone. Part of any savings that might accrue will be used to improve fringe benefits; the rest will go into pay increases.

The most noteworthy feature of the new plan is its far-sighted approach to job security through creation of an employment pool, which will provide a guaranteed wage to any worker replaced by automation while he is undergoing retraining for other plant duties. In addition, employees forced into a shorter work week by fluctuations in steel demand will be paid their full salaries; those reassigned to lower job classifications will continue to get their former pay, and those whose advancement opportunities are curtailed by elimination of job categories by automation will be advanced to the higher pay scale anyway.

If this sounds like a worker's security paradise, there is one element of uncertainty that looms large in the new arrangement: workers laid off because of a decline in the corporation's steel orders will be cut off from these benefits. In short, the corporation and the union have not been able to repeal the economic law of the competitive market; the size of the work force will continue to be governed by consumer demand. For the individual worker, of course, this entails no additional risk, since the work force of any private industry or business is always contingent upon the employer's ability to sell its goods or services.

Inherent in the commission's recommendation, however, is the conviction that industry has an obligation to use its productive capacity to the fullest. By giving the workers a generous share of cost savings, the plan envisions the creation of a real community of interests which will be able to draw upon the knowledge and skills of the entire work force to push technological development to a point where the corporation's products can compete successfully with foreign imports. The long-range projection looks confidently for new, cheaper and better quality products, increasing demand, expansion of plant facilities and generation of new jobs.

THE important point about the Kaiser plan is that it is the most intensive effort yet made by a major American industry to do something concrete about the problem of automation. Coming at a time when many industries still look on automation only in terms of cutting labor costs and increasing profits and when many labor unions feel that it is something to be resisted because it threatens the jobs of its members, the Kaiser plan is a reaffirmation of the belief that technological advances can be utilized to benefit all parties concerned. The agreement provides evidence, in the words of Labor Secretary W. Willard Wirtz, that "by serving mutual interest, individual interests can be served."

At the Fontana workers' meeting, Dr. Taylor, who headed the team of public consultants which smoothed out the plan's initial rough spots, stressed the point that success of the proposals was completely dependent upon increased productivity. He also emphasized that the motivating force behind the commission's recommendations was the principle that "technological advances should not be secured without regard for human values."

In his presentation, David McDonald acknowledged that implementation of the plan would not automatically solve all labor-management differences, that bilateral agreement still would be required on the application of work rules and that there still exists the possibility of future work stoppages, but "for reasons other than economic." He left no doubt, however, about his enthusiasm for the commission's work, which he termed "a great step forward toward the achievement of industrial peace."

For his part, Kaiser assured his audience that basic wage patterns still will be set in "Big Steel" negotiations. "If your share of the cost savings doesn't come up to the level prevailing in the industry," he said, "the company certainly will live up to its contractual obligation to make up the difference. There will be no economic loss for you . . . but this plan offers more. It offers great opportunities."

Kaiser's enthusiasm has not been shared by his colleagues of Big Steel in Pittsburgh, according to press reports. "The union can gain, but not lose," said one executive. "It looks to me like a one-sided affair," another commented. "I think this is something you're going to have to look at for eight or nine years before you know how it will work," a third executive was quoted as saying.

These statements undoubtedly reflect Big Steel's uneasiness that McDonald's Steelworkers might press for a similar plan during forthcoming contract talks. They may be just an expression of the customary precaution that precedes a contract reopener. Then again, they may be a tip-off that the rest of the industry is not ready for the advanced thinking that went into the Kaiser plan.

The problem of automation continues to cast a heavy shadow over the entire steel industry. The big question remains: Can Big Steel afford to wait "eight or nine years" before coming to grips with it?

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Evenings with Brother Antoninus

Poet from the West

THOMAS P. McDONNELL

BROTHER Antoninus' recent return to the east coast, for visits to New York, Harvard and Yale, recalled the impression I received from his first visit here last year when, in a Jewish university on the eastern seaboard, Catholic poetry in the United States finally came of age. That Brandeis University appearance was nothing less than the culmination of an odyssey, which had started from St. Albert's Dominican House of Studies in California.

Actually, Brother Antoninus' first reading in New England occurred at Boston College on St. Valentine's night of 1962. It was on this night that one of the fiercest storms of the winter hit the Boston area, and though it was more than enough to hole me up in drifts on a side street, it did not keep Brother Antoninus from getting a standing ovation in Cushing Hall. Afterwards, however, Brother Antoninus suffered a fall (non-symbolic) which kept him on crutches for about a month.

At Harvard in an off-campus setting, Brother Antoninus' reading was given in the church hall of St. Paul's parish. Church halls have, of course, a generic identity which requires no further description beyond the usual disarray of collapsible chairs and the uniform obstruction of painted steel pipe uprights.

The poet entered the hall, declined the almost aloof stage behind him and stood before the audience at floor-level. His presence has not only a commanding quality but nearly an ominous one. Greater than average height and a seemingly stern countenance do not in themselves account for the immediately collective sense in the audience that a presence has been established. In the moments before speaking, it is as if he was gathering and ordering the resources of the psyche to the disciplines of art, that is, as these disciplines come to be involved in the genuine encounter between the poet and his audience.

At his off-Harvard Square appearance Brother Antoninus read chiefly from *The Crooked Lines of God*. "The Massacre of the Holy Innocents" was particularly effective, and from it he drew a most memorable discourse on the experience of reality through pain and human agony. It was this commentary, flowing naturally from the reality of the poem, which itself became woven back into the poetry of the actual moment—and this in a very literal sense.

Brother Antoninus spoke of pain and surcease. The siren of a prowl car sounded somewhere in the darkness outside. "There, you see," he said, "the night-cry, the summons to human agony in the streets of Cambridge." I do not think there were many there who disbelieved that a human life was truly in the balance. A few moments later the sound of a choir rehearsing in the upper church, almost ethereal in its connatural effects, drifted down to us. Surcease.

"Well, that's the way it is," the poet said very softly, "and you can't fake it." There were other instances of poetry made out of the actual moment: a dropped ash-tray became skulls as fragile as crystal, broken now all over the world; knocking steam pipes became the taunting mockery of devils for one's having revealed the pain of past life.

I LATER learned that this seizing of the moment—which is itself perhaps an attempt to grasp the relevance of the meaningful to the immediate, as well as evolving, creative awareness—that this, too, occurred in a very pronounced way at the Boston College reading. Indeed, Brother Antoninus told me, the violence of the snowstorm both dispersed and heightened the effects of what seemed to him one of the outstanding readings of his experience.

The Boston University reading finally occasioned the poem I had been waiting to hear—"A Canticle to the Christ in the Holy Eucharist"—chiefly, I suppose, because I had myself publicly described it as perhaps the finest "mystical" poem yet written by an American poet. After the reading, one noticed again the cluster of students that inevitably gathers around the poet. The Salinger-syndrome embarrassment, however, is lost in the simple fact of the cluster itself, standing there, as if reluctant to let the poet go his own way, wherever it may lead him out of their lives.

This same rapport was immediately apparent at Harvard. But it was also clear that something quite different was taking place, that this was not just another poet at the lectern: poem, polite applause, repeat as scheduled, thank you, good night. Rather, this was an organic experience involving reality and poetry—perhaps of the

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poetry of reality. Encounter. Yet there was something about it that I had not myself fully clarified.

I arrived at Brandeis early, because I wanted to sit as close as possible to the stage, since the volume of Brother Antoninus' voice frequently drops to all but inaudible tones. The strikingly effective Schwartz Hall began to fill steadily. Despite the at first slightly disconcerting effect of so many young students bearded in the beatnik mode, the general air was charged with a genuine sense of communication and intellectual curiosity. Even the affected dishevelment of dress, here and there, did not detract from this. Of course, a false emphasis has been placed upon the seeming relevance of the beat to Brother Antoninus himself. Nevertheless, it still remains true that all his sympathies are on the side of the intuitively beat, whom in fact he does not hesitate to call his spiritual brothers.

When the poet entered the hall, he immediately gained that crystallization of attention which I had now witnessed for the third time. "Well, now it begins again," he said. A few students came quietly toward the front, sitting here and there on the floor, and then at Brother Antoninus' invitation a general exodus came forward from the rear hall and balcony, one of the most intimate demonstrations I have ever seen of the rapport between a poet and his immediate audience.

His opening poem was the beautiful and powerful "A Canticle to the Water Birds," the poem he invariably selects, because it says at once so much about the art of his convictions and the convictions of his art. He then went on to read "The Song the Body Dreamed in the Spirit's Mad Behest": "The Beheading of John the Baptist" and "Judith and Holofernes," from *The Hazards of Holiness*. Occasionally, the fulfillment of silence that followed each poem had nothing to do with what might ordinarily be taken as an embarrassing lack of applause. Yet I was still curious as to why a Brother Antoninus appearance was so distinctly different from all other poetry readings I had attended.

Then it came to me that, although assuredly not by conscious design, Brother Antoninus had subsumed the method of Bertolt Brecht's "epic" theater to the ritual of the poetry reading. This he had done not so much through dramatic presentation as in the encounter of dramatic awareness.

IT WOULD be fruitless to make excessive claims in this matter, but elements of the "epic" mode are nonetheless clearly present. They are seen in the rapidly shifting simultaneity of total involvement with momentary "alienation," and especially in the astonishing relevancy of accidentals, out of which the act of the poem is finally thrust. That is to say, whatever spoken discourse follows from the poem—and this again may be seen as the "epic" device of narration—it evolves naturally from the act of the poem itself. When this order of poetry reading is given by a poet of abundantly authentic gifts, it is not too presumptuous to say that it is nothing less than a breakthrough from the poem as a platform recitation piece to the poem as the meaningful charismatic gesture in art that it was always meant to be.

It was characteristic of Brother Antoninus, on that first spring night at Brandeis, when the poetry of the Christian commitment in America reached a level of achievement seldom approached, that he should have felt a sense of failure. I think that this is partly because he sees the offering of his poems as the ritual function in a cumulative gesture of love—a communion, no less, which obtains between the poet and listener.

This is, of course, an extraordinary burden to assume, and I do not know of any poet in the United States who has attempted to extend the reading of his poetry to that penultimate degree. It can readily be seen, therefore, that the ritualistic tensions attendant in such a commitment, might frequently leave the poet with a sense of unfulfillment. But always there is the great effort to achieve, however momentarily, the reality of the I-Thou encounter; and it is in the art of the poem that the effort is both subsumed and transmuted. In the art of Brother Antoninus the poem is not alone a terminal point in the artist's struggle, but a momentary liberation of the human spirit.

At the end there was sustained applause. As on other occasions, I saw the poet standing there as in both great gratitude and great loneliness. I knew that he longed very much to be where the Californian roots of his life strike deep, in that place where he now feels he most belongs. Then, the most disheveled of the disheveled, the archetypal beat student, made his way from the side amphitheater to the front of the stage, and he went up to Brother Antoninus, and they spoke to one another. The odyssey was over—and just beginning.

Salesmen

Salesmen are portable but not convertible;
They bring their city vices to the small
And country towns in which their marginal
Personalities are wider than
Any narrow bridge or dangerous
Intersection. They carry their badges,
Black briefcases, everywhere
But mostly to the village bar to hear
The glib provincial gossip in local
Dialects, while rural eyes appraise
This strange cosmopolite whose distant air
Might be from Mars but probably is
New York where there is nothing but department
Stores, theaters, restaurants, and rich hotels
Where salesmen live when salesmen are at home.

PHILIP MURRAY

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Beyond the School Question

THE RELIGIOUS Freedom and Public Affairs Project of the National Conference of Christians and Jews recently sponsored an Institute on the subject of "The Religious Press in a Pluralistic Society." It was a worthy venture, and I was happy to be one of the participants. There have been other gatherings of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish editors; The Commonweal has for some years joined in sponsoring such gatherings on a regular basis. But this was the first such affair in which the official Catholic, Protestant and Jewish press associations cooperated, and in that sense it was unique.

The religious press in America is subject to self-doubt. In my experience, any gathering of religious editors tends to be more critical of their own efforts than outsiders are. With a few exceptions, this meeting proved the point. The editors differed on just how much influence the religious press has; it was quite typical that at this affair the Protestant and Jewish editors tended to have a very exaggerated view of the effect of an editorial in a Catholic diocesan paper, while tending to minimize the impact of their own coverage. But by and large no one present claimed that the religious press had as much influence as it should have on American life in general.

A major part of the Institute's proceedings, though, was given over to the subject of "Religion and Public Education," with most of the discussion centered around the question of federal aid to parochial schools. A few Protestants and an even smaller number of Jews seemed to be concerned with the larger question: how satisfactory is the general state of religious education in this country? Most, however, were content to limit the discussion to federal aid and Catholic schools.

This Catholic, at least, found the federal aid arguments interesting, not because they were different but precisely because they were so much like countless others. The Gallup poll recently reported that forty-nine percent of the population now favor inclusion of private and parochial schools in any federal aid, but I could see no sign of such a sharp shift in sentiment among the Protestant and Jewish editors at this meeting. There was, perhaps, a little more readiness to grant that it might be constitutional for parochial school children to be transported on a publicly-supported school bus, and I heard no one contest equality of treatment on the federal hot-lunch program. But if any massive shift in opinion on the question of federal aid in general has taken place, I could detect no signs of it among these religious editors.

This is, I suppose, natural enough. Religious editors are likely to feel more strongly about such issues than the general public. I suspect Catholic editors tend to be more solidly in favor of federal aid to parochial schools than their readers, if the people I meet are in any way typical. Conversely, Protestant and Jewish editors may be much more opposed to any kind of federal aid to parochial schools than Protestants and Jews in general.

One big problem continues to be the way the federal aid question is posed. Many participants in the NCCJ Institute, it was clear, see it primarily as a religious tug-of-war. It is the battle of the Reformation all over again, with the Catholic bishops lined up on one side and the protectors of separation of Church and State on the other.

When the issue is seen in this light, it is no wonder that feelings run high. My own view is that it is a mistake to view the questions in these terms. The questions that should be faced are these: does the parent who wants a full-time religious education for his children suffer an economic penalty for availing himself of his constitutional right? With something like one out of every seven children attending parochial elementary school, is there a national stake in the quality of education they receive? And if the answer to these two questions is yes—as mine is—exactly what can we do about it without violating the Constitution?

My feeling is that we should be devoting more attention to this last point. Catholics who want federal aid can hardly expect that they will receive a blank check for their schools, yet many Protestants and Jews seem to imagine that this is what is being asked. Public funds and public accountability go together; how far are we willing to go on this point and what form would our public accountability take? Is our primary purpose to raise the level of excellence in the parochial schools or is it to have more of the same?

I've participated in enough such meetings that Protestant and Jewish reactions on federal aid did not surprise me. What did surprise me about this affair, however, was the extent and depth of generalized, non-specific fear of Catholics. On this score the meeting was reminiscent of some of the old "Should a Catholic be elected President?" discussions, in a way that I would have thought belonged to the pre-Kennedy past.

Fear of the Church is still deep and real, and it colors all the arguments on issues like federal aid. There is something Catholics too easily forget. Pope John and the Ecumenical Council have helped, tremendously. Our problem now, however, is to translate this new spirit into action in towns and cities all over America. Until then, debates over federal aid and a host of other specific problems will remain largely shadow-boxing, surface manifestations of a far more fundamental problem.

JAMES O'GARA

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An Exchange of Views

"Catholics in College"

Los Gatos, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: Michael Novak's article "Catholics in College" [Jan. 25] was pointed and comprehensive—much more so on the particular topic than anything I have read recently. However, I thought his final remarks lacked the vigor of recommendation and seemed to me very disappointing. Of course this may be justified by his better understanding of the problem.

Nevertheless, as a holder of a Bachelor's degree from a secular university (Stanford) and a Master's degree (in June) from a Catholic university (Santa Clara), and one who believes something *can* be done to improve the situation, allow me the following observations:

1. To put it crassly for sake of illustration: those who expect a greater unit return simply from a greater per capita investment of instructing clergymen on campus are doomed to disappointment. Continuing individual spiritual involvement of a high order is subject to just as many distractions on the Catholic campus; note the attractions of Barry Goldwater and the Social Darwinists vs. the proponents of *"Mater et Magistra."*

2. Those in a position to assign clerical resources to educational institutions should immediately recognize (by positive acts) the fact that an increasingly greater proportion of Catholic university students will be attending secular institutions.

3. Therefore the single Newman Club Chaplain should have his number increased to two, three, or even more on any one secular campus, and this at the expense of ministrations to pious women's groups, etc. in the diocese. A reassessment of priorities is called for. In addition, a roving band of several articulate, intelligent, and personable clergymen, with skills that are complementary, should be assigned for each natural division of schools (conference) to provide a regular cycle of additional stimulation and retrenchment for the students.

Who can disagree with the author's statement that university-educated Catholics are the Church's greatest resource? A better-organized effort is needed to conserve that resource wherever it is found. JOSEPH D. CUSICK

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: In response to Michael Novak's plea [Jan. 25] for more sociological data on Catholics in non-Catholic colleges, the following facts emerge from an NORC study of some 33,000 June, 1961 college graduates:

1. The Catholic graduates of secular colleges had a higher proportion of males than the graduates of Catholic colleges (69 percent as opposed to 57 percent).

2. They were more likely to be from cities under 100,000 (65 percent as opposed to 52 percent).

3. They were more likely to be married (32 percent as opposed to 19 percent).

4. Their fathers were less likely to have gone to college (26 percent to 40 percent).

5. Their family income was more likely to be under $7,500 (58 percent to 50 percent).

6. Their fathers were less likely to be from the professional class (42 percent to 54 percent).

7. They were very much more likely to be over 23 (40 percent as opposed to 17 percent).

8. There were only small differences between the two groups in career plans and occupational values.

9. The apostacy rate was higher for graduates from non-Catholic colleges—11 percent to 1 percent although there was some evidence that the apostacy had occurred before entering college. Of those who were still Catholic, the regular churchgoers numbered some 83 percent (as opposed to 96 percent of the graduates of Catholic colleges), a figure which compares favorably with the national Catholic figure of 70 percent.

These data offer some explanation of the difficulties the Church encounters in contacting the Catholic on the secular campus. Such a student is more likely to be older, poorer and married; hence he is probably working and going to school at the same time. He has much less time available for other activities. Some of the best Newman organizations in the country only count a minority of their potential members as active. Nor is lethargy and indifference to be ruled out as a cause; even the most impressive program won't attract someone who is just not interested. Of course such a problem exists on Catholic campuses too. One wonders how many Catholics at these colleges are in effective contact with Catholicism.

Incidentally, our data suggest that Mr. Novak's estimate of the proportion of Catholic students in secular colleges is somewhat too high. Our figures indicate that some 54 percent of those who were raised Catholic, graduated from Catholic colleges in June of 1961.

None of this should be taken as disagreement with the excellent points Mr. Novak makes in his article. Indeed a more effective Catholic presence on the secular campus is imperative for many reasons, not the least

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of which is the present atmosphere of sympathetic curiosity about Catholicism to be discovered in many parts of the intellectual world, an attitude of interested friendliness which would have been impossible even five years ago. *(Rev.)* ANDREW M. GREELEY

Dubuque, Iowa

TO THE EDITORS: The article "Catholics in College" [Jan. 25], called attention to the alarming situation that the Church faces on the secular campus. With acute insight, Mr. Michael Novak outlined the duty of the Catholic to Christianize the secular college or university with which he might be associated as professor or student. Realizing that "the educated Catholics will be the influential Catholics of the future," and "also the ones most likely to communicate their advantages to others," he rightly calls upon the Church to "invest far more care" in today's student on the secular campus. Only when the Church meets the challenge of providing a sufficient number of properly trained priests as Newman chaplains will the Catholic student be able to fulfill his role of uniting the divergent secular and Catholic cultures.

Mr. Novak assessed the situation well, but it seems to me that his outlook is overly pessimistic. According to his view, "there seems to be no immediate remedy for the Catholic student on the secular campus except his own creative action." Unquestionably, Mr. Novak's general thesis is beyond dispute. But I do think it in order to show why there is more cause for hope than Mr. Novak seems to display. Something constructive *is* being done by the Newman Chaplains to meet the situation described; more importantly, every interested Catholic can aid in this indispensable work. Mention of these things does not deny the gravity of the problem so clearly presented by Mr. Novak; rather, it is our hope that by mentioning them we will call closer attention to that problem.

The first sign of pessimism is in the lead above the title of the article, which states, "Some four hundred thousand Catholic students on secular campus have no contact with the Church." This figure is arrived at by reasoning that out of the 500,000 Catholic students on secular campuses, only 50,000 of them belong to Catholic clubs that are active members of the National Newman Club Federation. Only one out of five is a member, and therefore, four out of five "are not in contact with the Church." While we may not be reaching all Catholic students as effectively as would be desired, the situation is not as desperate as these figures indicate. There is a twofold fallacy involved in reckoning these figures. The first mistake is thinking that "only one out of five Catholics" represents an accurate proportion of the total number of Catholics affiliated with Catholic clubs on secular campuses. These figures represent the number of Catholic students who belong to Catholic clubs which are *active members* of the National Newman Federation, and who contribute to the support of the National Newman Movement headquarters in Washington.

Now there are many Catholic clubs on secular campuses that are not active members of the National Newman Federation. A study of the directory of the Federation shows that over 300 Catholic clubs are not active members of the Federation. Moreover, there are many students who, even though they belong to clubs that are active members of the Federation, do not contribute to the support of the national office.

Secondly, those who do not belong to campus Catholic clubs are by no means "cut off from the Church on the secular campus." A center where perhaps 700 or 800 students are active in the Catholic life in one way or another, may have only one hundred or one hundred and fifty students registered in the Newman Club. The Newman Club is only one phase of the Catholic apostolate on the secular campus—it should never, therefore, be used as a gauge of how many students the Church is reaching. At the pastoral level, the gauge of how many students the Church is reaching should be how many are attending Mass and receiving the Sacraments; at the educational level, how many are attending classes and lectures. If these figures are used the number of students active in Catholic life becomes much higher. True, the needs of these students may not be served as well as they should be, but at least there are more than one out of five Catholic students still "in contact" with the Church.

Mr. Novak also states that there are too few priests assigned to Newman work on the secular campus, and that those who are assigned are often not properly trained for the work. Moreover, since comparatively few priests attended secular universities and colleges, he holds that priests in Newman work are often unacquainted with and unappreciative of the mentality of the secular campus. These statements cannot be denied or tempered. But is anything being done to remedy the situation; is there any concerted effort being made to close the gap between the ideal and the existing conditions? In an effort to acquaint priests in Newman work with the mentality of the secular campus, and in order to train them better for their important work, two institutes have been recently established by the Newman Chaplains Association. One of these institutes meets every summer at a different secular university and seeks to acquaint the new chaplains with the administration, offices, and spirit of a secular school. The non-Catholic college or university is not presented as a necessary evil. There is no animosity generated, nor a "we-they" attitude fostered. Rather, the purpose is to make the new chaplains understand and appreciate the secular school, and to enable them to work with it in the formation of the Catholic student. Cooperation

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of university officials in this project, incidentally, has been most generous and gratifying.

The other institute established by the chaplains association meets every summer to help the chaplains who are engaged in the work keep abreast of current intellectual and moral problems. Realizing that in some areas their training is deficient, and realizing the complexity of modern learning, the chaplains try through this institute to provide the knowledge they need in such fields as physical science, modern philosophy, and Protestant theology, in order to answer the problems and questions that they encounter on the secular campus. The men in Newman work, therefore, realize they are not as well prepared as they might be, but are working to overcome the deficiencies.

What can be done about the shortage of priests in Newman work? Bishops and some religious superiors are assigning more men to the work, and when possible, these are men with a secular university background and the proper degrees. But there are still far too few being assigned. It seems that if more priests are going to be trained and assigned to the work, the laity must take the lead. If the laity were to show their awareness of the need for more priests in Newman work, and avow their willingness to support this work, it would have a great effect upon the bishops of the country. Think of the impact, for example, if every parent who had a child attending a state university, would write to the local Ordinary asking that a sufficient number of priests be assigned to the Newman apostolate. We must remember that bishops are pastors of souls, and they wish to serve their people, but the people must often make known their needs.

Another area where the laity must show the way is that of education. Education is the distinctive characteristic of the Newman Apostolate. Of the 150 Newman Centers that offer formal courses in some area of Christian doctrine, only 25 have accredited courses. In an ideal situation, one can learn without receiving credit for a course. But in the practical situation of the secular campus, the course in Christian doctrine suffers if it is not accredited. The university or college of today places great demands upon the time of the students, and if they do not receive credit for courses in Scripture, theology, or philosophy, they will be reluctant to enroll in them, or reluctant to study for them. Courses in Christian doctrine, therefore, must be accredited and looked upon as an integral part of higher learning. If this can be accomplished through the establishment of a school or department of religion within the university, well and good. Usually, however, it will come about through recognition of courses taught at the Catholic student center.

When members of the hierarchy or the resident chaplain leads the campaign for accreditation, the request usually falls upon deaf ears. The laity, especially students, parents of students, and alumni, are not so easily turned down. If the clergy makes the request, the effort has the appearance of proceeding from a vested interest. When the laity become involved, however, the school authorities realize that they would be providing something that the people they are seeking to serve are truly anxious to have. Another strong bargaining point that the laity possess is that they usually contribute to the support of the secular institution through their taxes. Educators have the reputation of living in ivory towers, but they often become as practical as the next person when the matter of support is mentioned. The Catholic effort on the secular campus will never be totally successful until the young Catholic student has the opportunity to receive as good an education in Christian doctrine as he does in science, engineering, or any other secular discipline. We are far from this goal now, and it may never be realized. Certainly, however, if the effort is to be more successful, the Newman chaplains and the hierarchy need the cooperation and active assistance of the laity.

"If a Catholic culture is to grow in America, it will have to be different from any past Catholic culture," says Mr. Novak, and we agree with him. Because it must be "different," however, the ways and means to achieve this culture are not clearly drawn. Therefore, there will be problems continually arising that seem impossible to solve. There will be mistakes made on the part of the hierarchy, clergy, and laity. There will be attitudes displayed that may seem anti-intellectual, or indicate a lack of zeal. These problems, mistakes, and attitudes, however, should not lead us to pessimism or despair. Rather, they should make us realize the magnitude of the problem, and also that the problem can only be overcome with hope, hard work, and the grace of God. *(Rev.)* KEVIN D. O'ROURKE, O.P.

Princeton, N.J.

TO THE EDITORS: Michael Novak is to be complimented for his observations on the relationship of the Catholic to the secular campus. In my own first semester at Princeton I am at once impressed by the rigorous but restrictive abstraction that is the partial fruit of scientific method in a behavioral science like economics. The steadily increasing use of more and more sophisticated mathematical and statistical techniques result in models that indeed are logically elegant and impressively detailed. Yet the society and the man they describe are as abstract in their own way as the old "pleasure machine" of their crude *laissez-faire* predecessors. And in fact they still embody many of the philosophically restrictive basic assumptions of nineteenth-century economic rationality.

However, the best minds, the most competent of the technicians, are critically aware of the limitations of their "value-free" analysis, simply because they under-

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stand better than the rest all that is implied by their simplifying assumptions and rules of thumb. Still there remains a danger in the very terminology itself. What is not rationalized within the model is by implication "irrational," a homogeneous glob of non-analyzable emotion or feeling.

But even this danger is not as significant as the paradox that some ghetto-conscious Catholics have created. Just at the time when the best secular minds are questioning their narrow faith in dogmatic scientism (witness the rumble at the recent AEA national convention of economists), some Catholic economists seem to be naively jumping onto the bandwagon of mathematical analysis as the easy remedy for all that is narrow in their old institutional approach. I have found here unexpected sympathetic interest in Catholic social teaching among people who apparently realize that the value-judgments implicit in their brand of analysis are not ultimates. Paradoxically, their concern appears more intense than that of some Catholic economists who seem to feel unfairly burdened by an outdated commitment to a value system.

One small suggestion on the subject is that Catholics simply forget the shopworn Catholic-ghetto pitch. Close to one-fourth of my first-year classmates are intelligent Catholics who need not be hampered by the inferiority complex or self-consciousness that ghetto publicity nourishes and that thwarts healthy integration of intellectual activity.

A second observation may be noted as a sidelight on the Newman Club relevance to the individual Catholics on campus. The Newman Club here as elsewhere offers a healthy atmosphere for intelligent participation in the liturgy. Nevertheless, some Catholic students have expressed to me a preference for attending Mass at the local parish churches with and in spite of their less sympathetic appeal. Perhaps the need is one of identifying with a Christian community more expansive than the strictly academic one that characterizes attendance at a Newman Club Mass. The "need," of course, may be nothing but religious inertia or nostalgia, but perhaps there is an underlying desire to affirm the universality and transcendence of the Christian message relative to specialized academic varieties of truth. And this is done by participation in the more diverse parish community's worship, even at the price of some lack of sympathy.

Perhaps the major contribution of the Newman Club, then, lies outside the community of worship. And in fact Newman Clubs are often distinguished for the non-liturgical activities they sponsor, the discussions, lectures and debates whose appeal reaches beyond their Catholic membership. At the same time, Newman Club activities are naturally affected, directly and indirectly, by diocesan regulations like the current ban on appearances of Dr. Hans Küng in some dioceses. In short, despite the clear definition called for by Mr. Novak, the role and scope of the Newman Club quite understandably remains somewhat anomalous to the casual campus observer. *(Rev.)* ERNEST BARTELL, C.S.C.

The Author Replies

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Cusick's second and third points support my main argument. His first point, that results in the life of the spirit do not simply correspond with investments in money and manpower, has been amply demonstrated, not only in the Gospels, but also in the history of American Catholicism. The lesson is hard to learn.

Father Greeley's statistics are useful, as always; Whalen's figures, however, support mine on the number of Catholics in secular schools. But we need data, too, on the personality structure of those who apostasize from the Church and those who stay. What elements in personality and background favor indifference or rebellion; and what factors in American Catholic experience hide or distort the Gospels? There are many effective apostasies among students in Catholic schools which do not show up in ordinary questionnaires, simply because these practical apostates keep up the American custom of going to church. (Would they in Europe?) Their spiritual state may be described as bitterness, not only apathy. We need, then, a study of those who lose their faith in Catholic schools, but keep going through the motions.

Father O'Rourke does not note the extra 50,000 students I allowed for those 300 Newman clubs not in the Federation; and Whalen's study supports my figures: one out of five Catholics joining the Newman clubs. The "second fallacy"—that many Catholics who do not join clubs attend the Sacraments and (fewer) attend the Newman lectures—does not much alter the situation. Newman club lectures are not notoriously well-attended. It is hard to get all the dues-payers there.

The crucial difficulty about the Newman clubs, which I barely suggested in my article, is that the conceptual system with which priests and students come to the secular campus is itself a product of the larger American Catholic scene. The Newman clubs become an extension of the intellectual and social ghetto into a new environment. That is why many of the brightest and most sensitive students shy away from them; they are trying to *outgrow*—or just to escape—the ghetto. The arrival of more priests on campus, unless they themselves have broken from the past, may only intensify the difficulty. The students, however, are not so anti-clerical as they are anti-American-Catholic: the whole complex of Knights of Columbus, defensiveness, and legalism, is an affront to their developing inner life. They need a new set of symbols by which to identify themselves as

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Catholics; they resist the old with indifference or hostility.

Father Bartell's letter, I think, points out the way to a new identity. Catholics have one of the strongest intellectual traditions on the foundation and justification of human values available in our century. I do not mean the discredited versions of "natural law" theory, but the sense that the God of nature and history and the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are one. In economics, in sociology, in literature, in any of the humanistic fields, there are questions about the nature of man that faith throws more light on than lack of faith; and which faith raises, when reason is complacent. Faith puts the fulcrum in the human person, in his dignity as well as weakness; better than the secular myths growing up around self-limited scientific method, it accounts for man's aspirations and disgraces. Catholics of intelligence, their spirits formed by such teachers as Guardini, Marcel, Lonergan, Chardin, have a sophistication in questions of human values which many around them lack. In such critical, prophetic spirits they can find symbols of a type of Catholicism not yet common in America, and can rebel against the prevailing American forms of Catholicism without leaving the Church.

Furthermore, by the very fact that (as Father Bartell points out) Catholicism is not a religion of elites or Nietzschean supermen, they will be in a better position than most American intellectuals to stay close to the common people, their own kind, their own roots. By doing *more* than their fathers, by entering the darkness, doubt, uncertainty of modern intellectual life, they will fashion a deeper Catholicism, in the struggles in which alone growth comes. MICHAEL NOVAK

THE STAGE

Novelists in the Theater

ONE OF THE persistent complaints against the American drama has been that it lacks language, that it possesses a native idiom but no true speech, a vocabulary but not a heightened system of expression. O'Neill is our Shakespeare and this perfectly reveals how deficient we are in verbal resources. The most painful moments in his plays—Hickey's monologue in "The Iceman Cometh" is a most egregious example—are precisely those when rhetoric is called on to move into a new dimension, to lift the play's action into purpose and permanence, but settles instead for mere earnestness, recapitulation, bravado, a straining after significance that ends in the grandiose or a reliance upon the colloquial that ends in sentimentality. I am not the only one who feels that the literary insufficiency of our drama is acutely summed up in Hickey's use of the word "pipedreams" when he means illusions.

The Ford Foundation has been trying to remedy this condition by giving grants to established poets, novelists and short-story writers who are interested in writing for the theater. The grants enable the recipients to work with theater groups, study stagecraft and see their own works through production, thus making the transition from poetry or fiction to the stage very much less arbitrary, theoretical and clumsy. At least that is the way it is hoped things will turn out. As a critic I have been asked to nominate two persons for the program, and the request, coming immediately after my having seen two plays of a high literary intention, one by an important novelist and the other adapted from a work by an even more important author, has set me wondering about the possibilities of a theatrical resurrection arising in this quarter.

J. P. Donleavy is the author of an esteemed novel, *The Ginger Man*, which recounts the bizarre and bawdy adventures of a young American in Ireland and is distinguished by an exuberance and comic inventiveness that are quite out of the ordinary. His first play, "'Fairy Tales of New York," was recently given its American premiere by the Columbia Players at the University's Wollman Auditorium, and I went to see it with advanced expectations. To say that I was disappointed is to be milder than milk; I was left wondering what calamity this was, what strange process of denaturing and shrinkage had come over the imagination responsible for *The Ginger Man's* originality and gusto.

To learn from the program that the central character was named Cornelius Christian sounded a minatory note. But with a rush the full-scale disaster was upon us; trapped by anticipation and incredulity we were never able to break loose from the dismal sequence of inorganically related episodes that took this allegorical figure through the stages of his education in the perversions and inhumanities of the metropolis. Four scenes after a prologue, one flat and strained, another impossibly chaotic, a third entirely clichéd and only one making an approach to freshness and coherent vision although failing to attain them—such was Donleavy's "Fairy Tales."

Christian is an American about thirty who has come home after some years in Europe, bringing the body of his wife who has died on shipboard, apparently through the indirect effect of his failure properly to love her. His wanderings through the city in search of an identity and a vocation are also a spiritual quest of some kind, although it is difficult to know what Mr. Donleavy had in mind. At any rate, Christian goes to work for the insidious and caricatured undertaker who has buried the dead wife, tries to get a job as idea-man for a manufacturer (the play's one scene with enough wit and singularity to make it endurable), engages in a boxing match

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with a brutal politician, and teaches a young girl a lesson in the snobbishness of headwaiters.

If this sounds terribly scant and unprepossessing, I assure you that I have racked my memory for anything I might have missed, any symbolic levels or epiphanies of beauty, and have not found any. I do want to say, however, that the Columbia Players being a preternaturally inept troupe of thespians and William Driver, from this specimen of his work at least, an extraordinarily heavy-handed director, there is a possibility that the play was murdered in production. Not a large possibility, though; it was just its language, seldom anything but flat, predictable or faintly modish, almost never rising to the opportunities provided by even the limited *mise-en-scène*, that insured its death even before it had its chance for immortality. The production was only a bullet fired into a corpse.

SAUL BELLOW is a novelist of far greater stature than Donleavy, but this of course is no guarantee that any play of his will be better. And that the one I saw was in fact immeasurably superior to "Fairy Tales of New York" doesn't constitute a real proof of Bellow's capacity for the theater, since the work was an adaptation, by Mary Otis, of the short novel *Seize the Day*, and was, moreover, presented in the form of a reading; finally, for all its incidental virtues, it was not truly successful as a drama.

Yet there was much to enjoy in it, most notably, in our present connection, a sense of language doing its job, a literateness and bold verbal intelligence, speech enhanced to the dimensions of minor revelation, sad, ironic, lyrical and painfully shrewd by turns. Miss Otis stayed almost entirely faithful to Bellow's superb story of a man of forty-four beleaguered by debts, failure, a condemning wife and an unsympathetic father and, even more, the feeling we all have of oppression by an opaque, unrelenting, unappeasable destiny that insanely misconstrues our needs and wants. Her failure to bring the thing off dramatically (a reading allows you to stage the work in your own mental theater and mine saw a slow, stately, elegaic urban processional without true conflict or development) wasn't due to anything perverse or inadequate in what she did but simply to the fact that the novel is tightly bound to its own proper form and could not be fully transposed; the device of narrator, for instance, is cumbersome and reductive.

Still, blessings, blessings however small, these days especially. Herbert Berghof did a capable job of direction and the cast was for the most part a splendid one. Kurt Kaznar and Alvin Epstein shining most steadily. The one failure lay with Mike Nichols, who played the central figure in an extremely old, offhand, side-of-mouth, buried way, thoroughly missing the "large, shaky, patient dignity" of the original.

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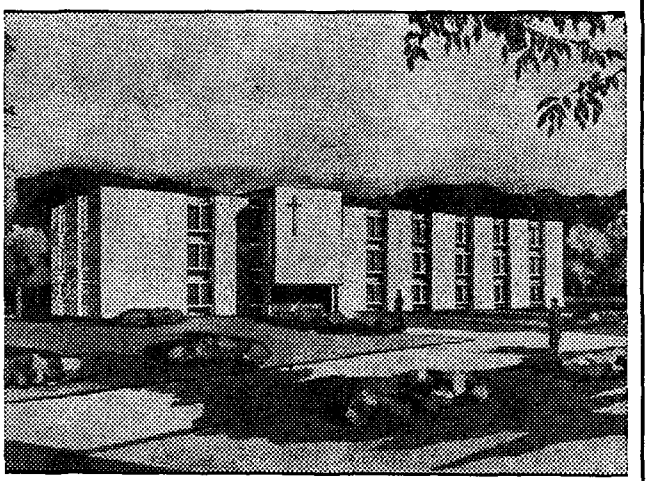

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Ideas, a group with some promising notions about what we need for a theatrical rejuvenation. This play wasn't quite the answer but it was worth doing. It left me with a renewed desire to see Bellow's own play when he finishes it (a section has appeared in *The Partisan Review*) and a strengthened determination to help the Ford people find other writers who can raise the melancholy level of our dramatic literature. Words fail us; by words we may yet be reprieved. RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Who's Afraid of the Playboy?

IT'S HARD TO believe that the Irish actually rioted when "The Playboy of the Western World" was first presented in 1907. But, then, perhaps the Dubliners who went to Synge's play saw themselves too clearly and didn't like what they saw. In any case, the play survives—with its beautifully-written dialogue and satirical story about a playboy who wins the admiration of a County Mayo community with his tale about killing his old da', and then later wins their contempt when they realize his tale was pure blarney. And now, this concoction is presented as a movie. There isn't likely to be any rioting—although the film is fascinating to see and hear.

Brian Desmond Hurst, who directed the film and adapted its script from the J. M. Synge original, had his problems. The play is talky, and Hurst was naturally reluctant to cut any of its finest lines; but at the same time, a film depends on action and visuals. So Hurst compromised. The picture starts with a lot of talk in the seacoast inn that is its main setting (some quite amusing talk, but the brogue is so thick that one can't always get the speeches), and then, as the story progresses, the action moves out of doors and "The Playboy" becomes a real movie. Its color photography, taken on location at Dingle Bay in Kerry, is stunning. Director Hurst gets movement and excitement into his handsome picture as the playboy actually plays and pursues the innkeeper's daughter.

Gary Raymond and Siobhan McKenna are excellent in these lead roles. Raymond is bubbling with windy enthusiasm as the boy who wants to break the mold—even if he can do it only through lying; and Miss McKenna is quite touching as the not-so-young girl who sees in the boy her last chance, but wants him on her terms, and is more than a little regretful at the finale: "I've lost him surely. I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World." Also good in the supporting cast are Elspeth March, as a widow with a yen for the flashy playboy, Niall McGinnis, as the boy's father, and Liam Redmond, Michael O'Briain, and various other Irish lads and lasses fascinated and annoyed by the ever-loving, ever-lying hero. Once you get used to the brogue, you'll have a good time at this "Playboy," whether you take it as a straight comedy or as a symbol-laden parable of the Irish.

AS FAR AS I know, "The Marriage of Figaro" never caused any riots; but it did run into censorship trouble. Although Beaumarchais wrote this sequel to "The Barber of Seville" in 1780, it didn't turn up on the stage until some four years later. What with its racy story and merciless kidding of the aristocracy, it is easy to see why French audiences of the 1780's may have laughed at it or found it dangerous—depending on where they stood or sat. It is also easy to see why the play's complicated, crazy plot would inspire Mozart to write an opera. For it is exactly on such plots that operas thrive.

As another play-into-film, the French movie version of "The Marriage of Figaro" is now on our screens. It follows "The Would-be Gentleman" as the second in the series planned by the *Comédie Française* who hope eventually to film their entire repertoire; and once again a fine job has been done. As a motion picture, it is often static and stagey; but at the same time, director Jean Mayer succeeds in making a movie that moves. Henri Alekan's excellent color photography flows nicely from scene to scene (all of which are filmed indoors on stages) and the film is well-edited to sharpen the cinematic technique.

The acting, a mixture of stage and movie technique, is superb, with Georges Descrieres as Count Almaviva, the two-faced aristocrat who plans to carry out his *droit du seigneur* after his valet marries attractive Suzanne; Yvonne Gaudeau as the countess; Jean Piat as Figaro, the valet; and many others from the *Comédie Française,* a company of players whose ability equals their fame.

Since movies do show close-ups, it might have been wiser for Producer Pierre Gerin to have allowed a young man to play Cherubin, the count's page, a role traditionally played by women; pretty Michele Grellier as this philandering boy is a touch silly. But "The Marriage of Figaro" should be taken mainly as an exercise in good acting and staging. The costumes are beautiful; and the acting throughout is always a pleasure to watch.

As for story, the whole thing is so involved that it seems ridiculous at first; but as the movie continues, the pieces begin to fall into place, and the witty, somewhat ribald dialogue fits Beaumarchais' satirical scheme. Although "Figaro" isn't exactly for children, students of the theater and the French language should not miss this outstanding opportunity for a good sampling of both. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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Literary Bird-Watching

WILFRID SHEED

THERE IS a complaint called slow-reader's paranoia and it goes like this. The subject begins to notice early in every publishing season that everyone else has already read everything—"the new Capote," "the new Baldwin"—sometimes before the subject even knows there *is* a new Baldwin. This is all the more disconcerting, because he seldom catches people in the actual act of reading. They must do it at lightning speed, when no one is watching. There you (I mean he) are, struggling through the "old Baldwin" on subways and buses, while they (the paranoid's "they") are smirking behind their handkerchiefs, having already read it years ago, during some coffee break.

With characteristic cunning, you decide to cover your tracks by buying shoals of magazines and getting the over-all picture. In the magazines you will find that, since Norman Mailer has—in Cyril Connolly's phrase—temporarily "retired into public life," the most combustible authors seem to be Baldwin, Updike and Salinger (Mailer is plenty combustible as a public figure, but that is another story); that Baldwin is a prophet, that Updike writes beautifully but has nothing to say, and that Salinger lives in a cave and has a charming rear view.

There is for slow-readers a most satisfactory mythology of the literary scene to be winnowed from the magazines. Without reading a word of either of them, you can safely say that you are getting a little tired of waiting for Mr. Updike (who must be all of thirty) to fufill his abundant promise; and that Salinger's lust for privacy counterpoints the narcissism of the Glass family —safely say, because you will find to your amazed delight that the others, the fast-readers, are saying exactly the same things. It is almost impossible to spot the paranoid slow-reader among your friends. They all march to the same drum.

Chiefly responsible for this consensus of opinion are the reviewers, who read faster than anybody. It is reasonable to suppose (suspiciousness is another symptom) that the reviewers keep a nervous eye on each other, so that the whole trend can swing over together; or perhaps the thing is instinctive, like a flight of birds. For instance: When the new Salinger book appeared recently, several reviewers wrote that, while they liked it all right themselves, they expected other reviewers to attack it. So far, nobody had said a word against it, but the early birds sensed a change in the wind; Salinger had been in favor too long. Before opposing this anticipated new trend, they had to make it clear that they knew it was coming, that they knew precisely what was wrong with Salinger, but they *still* thought—it is uncanny that several reviewers quite independently chose to counter the trend in precisely this way.

The whole flight can sometimes be diverted by one master-bird who really knows what it wants. This seems to be what happened to Salinger—or looked like it was happening to Salinger. A short while back. Mary McCarthy swung round on him, with the pugnacity of an earlier less uniform generation. There was a good deal of wheeling and flapping behind her—after all, Mary McCarthy is a bit of a scold: still, she seemed awfully confident—before the alignment could be reformed. The present position seems to be: we know all about Mary McCarthy (and wouldn't dream of arguing with her), but we personally will continue to fly in the same direction as before.

A more successful reversal was achieved by Dwight MacDonald when he rounded on James Gould Cozzens' *By Love Possessed.* The reviewers had in their mysterious way converged to give this one spontaneous acclaim, but there was an eery silence after MacDonald had spoken up. *Time* compromised by calling it a bad good book, or was it a good bad book. The others just slunk quietly away.

IF THAT'S how the experts behave, you have little to fear from the people you meet at cocktail parties, whose opinions are often only imitations of imitations. With a little courage, you can even start your own consensus. The only real victims of this system are the authors themselves—if they are unwise enough to attend to it. Salinger has almost literally barricaded himself against it, and so has Cozzens. (The system chides them for this unfriendliness, but seems to be sort of intrigued too.)

But I don't imagine authors are much deflected by reviews. If they were, someone like Updike would be in an awful tangle by now. At a point in his career when he is quite rightly experimenting to see what he

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WILFRID SHEED is the author of *A Middle Class Education* and of a new novel coming out this fall. This is the first appearance of what will be a regular monthly column.

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can do, the reviewing consensus has begun tapping its foot impatiently for the "big" book. Authors are not allowed the benefits of up and down progress, with some hits and some misses: each book is expected to be a distinct improvement on the one before—and yet somehow the same as the one before too. (Bigger, more compassionate, new maturity.)

An intolerable burden to lay on a young writer—if he bothers to think about it. E. M. Forster has said that he doesn't consider his books in a straight line of development, but as several unrelated things that he tried to do; some with more success, some with less. But the bull and bear school of criticism prevents us from taking each book on its own merits, and asking whether the author has tackled a given task successfully. Many reviews simply plunge straight into the author's Dun and Bradstreet rating, reporting the consensus on his recent books and sliding the new one into the stream. Updike is either getting better or getting worse. If his shares dip low enough, he becomes a "disappointment," once and for all—a terrible prospect and one that has probably been responsible for a lot of tense second novels.

Outside of its effects on the author's work, this kind of reviewing has worked a lot of injustice to reputations. The practice of inflating an author to bursting point and then taking the pins to him gets all his work out of proportion. *Franny and Zooey,* for instance, was shockingly over-praised at first. Salinger's weirdly impeccable technique deserted him badly in *Zooey*; the perspiration on Zooey's upper-lip, which was used to break up a monolith of conversation, became unintentionally funny; less so Franny's dreary cat-frisking which alternated with Zooey's lip in the same cause. And both of them went on talking in the same damn *italics,* long after the reader had caught their rhythms and no longer needed the assistance. These, along with more serious matters (such as whether the monolith was worth saving), should have tempered the early praise. As it was, Salinger's reputation was left mercilessly open to Mary McCarthy's bodkin; and his next book, which multiplied the mistakes in *Zooey,* could easily have completed the rout, if the consensus had decided to go along with Miss McCarthy.

The great puzzle is why the people who actually read the books should go along with the reviewers (us slow readers have no choice). Any novel can be interpreted a hundred ways. If the reviewers were not allowed to see each other's stuff, I have a notion that no two reviews would be alike. Unless there really is some sort of mystic affinity among reviewers.

Yet people with no commitments, and nothing to lose, hug the consensus. They read reviews, then they read the book, then they read more reviews, hundreds of reviews, until their opinion is welded into the general one. And this is the opinion you hear all over town.

The consensus not only tells you how the top people are doing: it tells you who the top people are. In England and France, I believe you occasionally find people who have discovered a writer all on their own, and have even been able to thrust him on the public attention; or if not that, have at least found some point of communication with an unknown fellow-spirit. But here, the spotlight is narrow and harsh; it picks out one or two writers at a time, and subjects them to a fierce though not very intelligent scrutiny. The spotlight may be worth getting into and the scuffle for it has produced some lively writing and some interesting politics.

But the writer who wants to produce not one but a shelf-full of books, in his own way and at his own time, might do better to ignore it and put his money on the slow-reader who, paranoid or not, probably has the last word.

BOOKS

John A. Ryan: Pioneer of Catholic Social Thought

Right Reverend New Dealer: John A. Ryan. By Francis L. Broderick. Macmillan. $5.95.

by John Cogley

MONSIGNOR John A. Ryan (1869-1945) was to Catholic social thought what Dom Virgil Michel was to the liturgical movement, Father John LaFarge to the interracial apostolate, Jacques Maritain to the Thomistic revival, and in recent years Father Gustave Weigel has been to the ecumenical movement—a pioneer opening new worlds to American Catholics. The Monsignor began studying, explicating, applying and propagating the principles of the social encyclicals when he was still a seminarian. He continued the work throughout his life.

Inevitably, in his day, he was widely regarded as a dangerous radical by many of his fellow Catholics and an enigma by some of the secular liberals with whom he worked closely. Anyone who attempted to translate the encyclicals into American terms would be. The fact that Dr. Ryan was also a priest did not protect him from the attacks of his conservative brethren but only increased their dismay. It must be said too that frequently he invited controversy and that he did not shrink from its consequences.

After his death Monsignor Ryan became the victim of an historic irony which this biography may cor-

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rect. Among his other works he co-authored toward the end of his life a book called *Catholic Principles of Politics* in which he upheld the traditional "thesis" about what a dominant Catholicism should demand from the state in the way of special protection and restrictions on the liberty of non-Catholics. A single paragraph from that book has been more widely quoted and diffused than anything else Father Ryan wrote during his long scholarly years of almost ceaseless work. The much-quoted excerpt left the impression, especially with those who knew nothing else of his career, that he was another conservative cleric and political reactionary.

Of course he was anything but. Still, he did defend the famous "thesis" as an abstract proposition, probably because he couldn't see any way to get around it. (The Monsignor wrote, of course, before Father Murray made his unique contribution to theological thought on the Church-State question.) If anyone had tampered with the religious liberty of Americans of any faith, though, I suspect that Ryan would have found a way of getting around that soon enough, even though his syllogisms might have wavered as shakily as they did when he justified massive disobedience to the Volstead Act.

The Monsignor, who was head of the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C., the position held by Msgr. George G. Higgins today, was in hot water most of his life. He engaged in public controversy with Cardinal O'Connell (over the Child Labor Amendment: Ryan was for it), with Father Charles E. Coughlin over anti-Semitism (Ryan charged Coughlin with peddling it). It was the famous radio priest, incidentally, who first called him a Right Reverend New Dealer, and it was not meant as a compliment. But the Monsignor was not mortally wounded by the arrow, for he was frankly a Roosevelt supporter and in some regards ahead of F.D.R. in his thought. Though it is not true that he and the President were personally close or that the Monsignor drew up the New Deal's legislative agenda, as has been frequently rumored, the Roosevelt Administration was government after his heart.

As early as 1900, the youthful Father Ryan wrote a "Programme of Social Reform by Legislation" for the *Catholic World*. His program provided for a minimum wage and eight-hour day; protective legislation for working women and children; legal authorization for picketing and boycotts; unemployment insurance and the setting up of state employment bureaus; provisions against accidents, illness, and old age; and municipal housing built at public expense. A decade later he contributed importantly to the remarkably far-sighted Bishops' Program of 1919.

These early works were typical of the dynamite he blasted from his study in Washington, where he was a professor at the Catholic University of America as well as N.C.W.C. administrator. But he did not confine his activities to the books and articles that poured from his pen, many of the latter, by the way, published in The Commonweal. Throughout his life he served as a kind of ambassador to the liberal community. He was, for example, a director of the American Civil Liberties Union, though he had many profound philosophic disagreements with some of his fellow board members. His A.C.L.U. experiences were stormy and riddled with misunderstandings, as I suspect they would be today.

He also collaborated with Protestant reformers throughout his life but again came up against what he regarded as historic anti-Catholicism and anti-priest bias. He quarreled with Norman Thomas, for example, over the persecution of the Church in Mexico. Mr. Thomas, he felt, was selectively indignant about restrictions on freedom. As often as not, after some divisive issue arose to separate him from his non-Catholic friends, the Monsignor would find himself walking alone again in the no-man's-land ceded to the Catholic liberals of his day.

Within the Church, he was no theological innovator; far from it. If he were suddenly to return to Washington today, I suspect he might be as shaken as the editors of *The American Ecclesiastical Review* by the developments at the Second Vatican Council. For if John A. Ryan played the role of non-conformist priest in his lifetime, it would appear that he did so because he was more loyal to the teachings of the papacy than to the prejudices of his fellow Catholics. Non-conformism was wished upon him by the situation; it was not his natural bent. One can not imagine him playing a role like the one the young Hans Küng has staked out for himself, for example, or ever engaging in the daring speculation that marked the early work of Fathers John Courtney Murray and H. A. Reinhold. He was not as theologically venturesome as men like these two or nearly as imaginative and catholic in his understanding of the Church's needs as some of his own contemporaries, like Dom Virgil and Father LaFarge.

But if there are such things as "special vocations" within the priestly calling, John A. Ryan certainly had one. He seemed to be marked from the days of his Minnesota boyhood, the child of Irish immigrant farmers growing up in a populist territory and school days in the Saint Paul seminary, for the unique career he fashioned for himself as a labor-priest in Washington. He was never a brilliant writer or powerful speaker, but over the years his influence was steady, far-reaching and cumulative. His native limitations, or perhaps it was a lack of cultural opportunity, kept him from greatness and significance of a certain order. Yet his shoulders were broad enough for other men to stand on and his presence is still felt in the American Church through them.

Francis L. Broderick's biography would, I should think, meet with Monsignor Ryan's solemn approval. It is thoroughly researched, richly detailed, scrupulously documented, impeccably literate, and enough on the dull side to keep its academic standing. I don't know if it is good or bad that its very competence diminishes the legend of American Catholicism's pioneer social actionist. Without such a sober, factual record, the fiction that grows up around every pioneer might have overtaken Monsignor Ryan. In time he might have come across as a much more colorful person than in fact he was.

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Between Heaven and Earth

The Centaur. By John Updike. Knopf. $4.

by Thomas Curley

THE DUST jacket of this book is unusual in that it provides the reader with some pertinent information. *The Centaur,* we are told, was originally conceived as a contrasting companion to Mr. Updike's previous novel, *Rabbit, Run.* Without that information, *The Centaur* would still impress the reader not only as a novel of brilliance and daring but as a serious imaginative achievement; with it, however, one can re-read *Rabbit, Run* with greater insight and better appreciate the nature and direction of Updike's genius.

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There is, to begin with, a very obvious contrast: Rabbit Angstrom, the main character in the previous novel, is always on the run. At one point the girl he is living with, after he has left his wife, says to him: " 'You're so smug, is what gets me. Don't you ever think you're going to have to pay the price?' " And he answers, " 'If you have the guts to be yourself, other people pay the price!" At the end he is very much afraid, and he seems to himself "infinitely small" and "he runs. Ah: runs . . . Runs." Chiron, on the other hand, the hero of *The Centaur,* is always paying the price; and at the end, suffering from an unbearable wound and wishing to die but unable to because he is immortal, he begs Zeus to accept his death in place of the torture of his son, Prometheus. "Chiron accepted death."

There is, however, more to the contrast than Rabbit *vis à vis* Chiron; but in order to make it clear, we must try to understand what Updike is about in this new novel. He is, of course, giving us a version of the myth of Chiron, but that myth ramifies into a particular time and place: Alton County, Pennsylvania in the winter of 1947. Chiron is George W. Caldwell, a teacher of science at Olinger (Olympus) High School; his son Peter is Prometheus (afflicted with psoriasis); his wife Cassie is Ceres; Zimmerman, the principal of the high school, is Zeus; one could go on, for just about every character has a referent in myth and the reader who is interested may make his list with the aid of a mythological index at the back of the book, the index having been compiled at the suggestion of Mr. Updike's wife.

What is all this, the reader may ask impatiently. A tour de force? A gambit in preciosity? The answer is, no. Updike's method serves a serious purpose: by shifting from pure myth in some chapters, to realism in others (these are told in the first person by Caldwell's son some years afterwards) to a mixed mode of realism and myth, Updike has achieved a tone that he scrupulously avoided in *Rabbit, Run.*

I can suggest that tone best by quotation. Young Peter Caldwell (Prometheus) tells part of the story to his mistress; of his family, he says: "And yet, love, do not think that our life together, for all its mutual frustration, was not good. It was good. We moved, somehow, on a firm stage, resonant with metaphor." It is that resonance of metaphor that was so definitely excluded in *Rabbit, Run.* It is sought by Rabbit but he glimpses it only on the last pages when, in panic, he runs. Further, the consistent use of the present tense in *Rabbit* creates immediacy but prevents resonance.

It is Peter Caldwell in *The Centaur* who sums up the contrast between the two books: "It was this firmness, I think, this potential fixing of a few passing seconds, that attracted me, at the age of five, to art. For it is at about that age, isn't it, that it sinks in upon us that things do, if not die, certainly change, wiggle, slide, retreat, and, like the dabs of sunlight on the bricks under a grape arbor on a breezy June day, shuffle out of all identity." In *Rabbit* there is the continuous present, and the rabbit, running, who cannot learn, cannot decide what he wants to do, cannot enter into any union, hostile or friendly, with time. In *The Centaur,* by re-creating another world which impinges on the day-to-day world, by creating a hero, in Chiron, who can endure pain and who can act, even when his will is "a perfect diamond under the pressure of absolute fear," Updike has *imagined* for the day-to-day lives of his characters a kind of significance, a kind of resonance that is unique, I believe, in contemporary fiction.

"Unique" is a strong word and, since I'm a long way from having read everything, it may be inaccurate. Sobeit. I think I am not wrong as to the nature of Updike's achievement. If one were to say that he has created realistic, contemporary characters with a mystical dimension, one would be around the truth, I think, but the wrong way round. He has, conversely, recreated the myths and given them a temporal dimension. What strikes one as admirable is not that George Caldwell is Chiron, but that Chiron is George Caldwell and that Prometheus, who becomes a genuine, second-rate abstract expres-

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sionist who lives in a loft on East 23rd St. with his Negro mistress, is his son, Peter. It is the involvement of gods and heroes with time, with the privacy of pain and the obduracy of matter that makes this such a remarkable work.

Anyone who attempts to be original is bound to be attacked, and I can easily anticipate some serious objections to this novel. One objection would go like this: despite his craft, Updike's use of the myths is either a frivolity of his fancy or an attempt to will relevance rather than imagine it. In answer I can only submit that a reading of *The Centaur* will convince anyone that Updike is not indulging his fancy. As to the second half of the disjunction, that he is *willing* rather than *imagining*, I can only reply that he does seem, at times, as Prometheus implies, to be serving the impossible, to be trying to say the unsayable. But, to violate the logic of words for a moment, how impossible? How unsayable?

Cronos was one of the Titans. Uranus, his father, had confined his children in Tartarus, the nether world. At the behest of his mother, Gaia (the earth), Cronos rose against Uranus, castrated him and threw his genitals into the foam. In the last chapter as Chiron goes to his death he looks at Mother Ge: "White, she was white, death's own color . . . wherever the Centaur's eye searched. He wondered, Had not the castration of Sky worked a terrible sterility upon Gaia, though she herself had cried aloud for rescue?"

The motto of the novel is from Karl Barth: "Heaven is the creation inconceivable to man, earth the creation conceivable to him. He himself is the creature on the boundary between heaven and earth."

As I read *The Centaur*, slowly and pleasurably, I was never aware of any discrepancy between will and imagination, but rather of a steady urgency to conceive anew; for if man is on the boundary between heaven and earth, he must have commerce with both. It is this attempt to wed the mythical and the everyday, earth and sky, that involves man in such pain. But it is a task that must be accepted as Chiron accepted death.

Protestant Liturgy

The Protestant Liturgical Renewal: a Catholic Viewpoint. By Michael J. Taylor, S.J. Newman Press. $5.50.

by George H. Tavard

THAT there exists a liturgical movement within Protestantism is unknown to many Catholics and puzzling to many others. Understanding of this relatively recent phenomenon requires historical and theological studies. Fr. Taylor's book comes under both headings, though its lasting value will be mainly historical.

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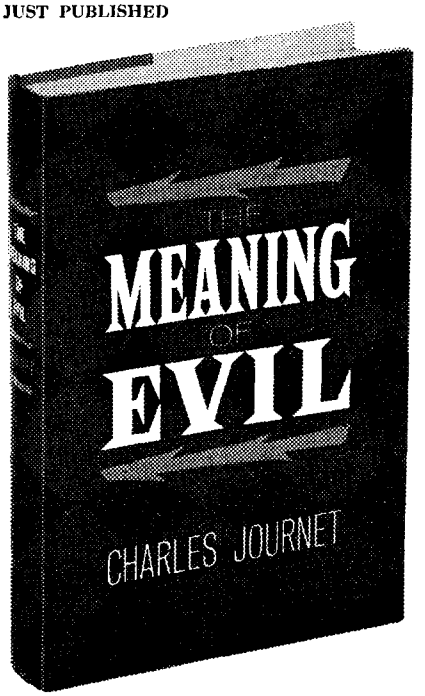

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in its scope, since it leaves out the Episcopal Church, in which the liturgical movement is most advanced. The bulk of the study concerns the United Church of Christ, the Methodists, Presbyterians and Lutherans. By a curious omission, the Church of the Disciples is not studied, although it is by far the most liturgical among the strictly Protestant Churches of America.

This book should serve as a starting point for a more theological investigation, which would survey the contribution of Protestant journals and books to the theology of the liturgy. For it is only the theological basis of the liturgy which can provide lasting support to a liturgical renovation. This aspect cannot be brought out completely by a questionnaire-survey, where nevertheless pertinent material is provided for further work. Thus Fr. Taylor has opened a new field of study to Catholic students. It will be important for the future of ecumenical relations in this country that others follow him and pursue the investigations that he has initiated.

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ART

Kandinsky's Craft

DUE TO the outstanding collection of Kandinsky's work owned by the Guggenheim Museum, it is said that it was Kandinsky's painting, if any, that Frank Lloyd Wright had in mind when he designed the building which now stands on Fifth Avenue in New York. During the present retrospective exhibition of the work of that cosmopolite Russian, one of the founding fathers of abstract art, the function of the Wright building as a show-place for art comes into better focus than ever before.

The opportunity offered by the spiral ramp for the spectator to restudy the paintings from different points of view is one which assumes a special value in the spectacular panorama afforded Kandinsky's work. The collection was assembled from the far corners of the world—several paintings from Soviet Russia are included—and provides a full scope, from the earliest impressionist "representational" paintings to the late synthesis of his abstract styles before his death in Paris in 1944.

Kandinsky's intellectual and historical position as a prophet-innovator inevitably takes precedence over other considerations in a contemporary view of his art. For this reason it may be that, after the rather awkward-looking "hatching" period, it is his earliest abstractions that seem the most exciting ones to mid-century eyes. This is also possibly the effect of a "retreat" from commitment to strict abstraction, so that we may have (in roughly fifty years) come full circle to a point where Kandinsky's *Romantic Landscape #115*, painted in 1911, seems utterly fresh, spirited and eloquent.

This painting, with its black

REVIEWERS

John Cogley, an executive staff member of the Fund for the Republic, is a regular contributor to The Commonweal.

Thomas Curley is the author of the recently published novel, *Past Eve and Adam's* (Atheneum).

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splotches of trees and bushes scattered on a fresh scale of colors ascending to the right while three "horsemen" plunge down a diagonal path to the left, seems to me to be one of those dramatic works, like Miro's *Catalan Landscape,* where all the elements in an artist's early work are absorbed for the first time in his own unique expression. No matter how far he may develop after that, nor what distinct styles he may evolve—and with Kandinsky there were strikingly different ones—that individual voice, once found, usually remains. This painting's rather modest terms—half-in-and-out of abstraction—yields such a work. One of the Moscow contributions to the exhibit is of this same year and, more fully abstract, has the same exciting freshness and new authority: *Improvisation 20 #138.*

The next startling highlight in the procession of Kandinsky's creations, which follow a chronological order down the spiral ramp at the Guggenheim, comes towards the end of his connection with the Bauhaus in Germany, in 1930. Here the romantic expressionist turbulence of his earlier abstract works comes to a full stop in *13 Rectangles*: on a putty-color background the bright rectangles of different sizes float, some of them overlapping, in a composition of exquisite balance.

This painting is one of those that achieve an eerie combination of instinct and pure theory of which Kandinsky is perhaps more a master than any other artist. Almost every artist in history has arrived at theory out of his creative instinct, while Kandinsky pursued both aims with equal passion in his life, if anything directing his instinct and his painting from the point of view of his theoretical research. *13 Rectangles* almost looks like a diagram for ideas about color, form, and disposition in space—and yet its musical resonances add up to a haunting unity.

A fuller-bodied expression of somewhat the same elements can be seen, I believe, in the splendid painting called *Accompained Contrast* (1935). Here larger oblique forms dominate the composition and textural variety is added to areas of resonant color (sometimes overlapping) on a delicate whitish ground—but the same, if more powerful, effect of haunting classical harmony is produced.

Although *Accompanied Contrast* was painted after Kandinsky settled in Paris, it cannot be said to be typical of his last period, commonly referred to as a period of synthesis of what might be called his early romantic-expressionist phase and his succeeding more classical-mathematical one. The best example of the latter may be *Reciprocal Accord,* in which livelier and more varied forms are disposed in two confronting groups on a light-suffused background. This painting has indeed the air of a grand finale or a summing-up.

In spite of the fact that Kandinsky's "position" in contemporary art is such that emphasis is bound to be placed on his innovations, and what effects he set in motion, in the end of course the question will be "Was he a great artist?" The time is not yet, perhaps, when this question can be answered. On the whole it seems that the concept of pure abstraction

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would have to be utterly discredited as a basis for art, *not* to call Kandinsky a great artist.

Another famous prophet and pioneer who has had a decisive influence on the art of our day—in this case architecture—is being given an exhibition at the same time in New York, at the Museum of Modern Art. The fourteen most recent buildings executed by Le Corbusier are shown in large color transparencies in this exhibit, and include the ones completed in the vast project at Chandigarh in India, the remarkable apartment houses in Europe, a museum (in this case with a *square* spiral around which galleries are disposed) several houses and (of special interest to our readers, perhaps) the chapel of Notre-Dame-du-Haut at Ronchamps and the Dominican Priory of La Tourette, both of which are in France.

In my opinion these last are among the most wonderful of this great architect's conceptions. The chapel at Ronchamps, built on a hilltop, is an unusually dramatic and sculptural expression of Le Corbusier's. The Priory is in a more characteristic vein, a deeply logical, serene and beautiful building. The Priory, built in a hollow square, includes Le Corbusier's best-known architectural motifs: three of its four wings stand free of the ground on piers (it is on a sloping site) and the roof is planned and planted as a garden retreat.

BETTY KAUFMAN

Schedule for Exhibits

Kandinsky Retrospective:
Guggenheim Museum, N.Y.C. Jan. 25-April 7, 1963 (This exhibition will travel to Paris, the Hague and Basel); San Francisco Museum of Art, March 1-April 1, 1963 (This exhibit was also organized by the Guggenheim, and will travel to ten American cities.)

Le Corbusier:
Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.C. Jan. 29-Apr. 5, 1963; Art Institute of Chicago, May 17-June 17.

1913 Armory Show 69th Regiment Armory, N.Y.C. Apr. 5-28 (Henry St. Settlement Benefit)

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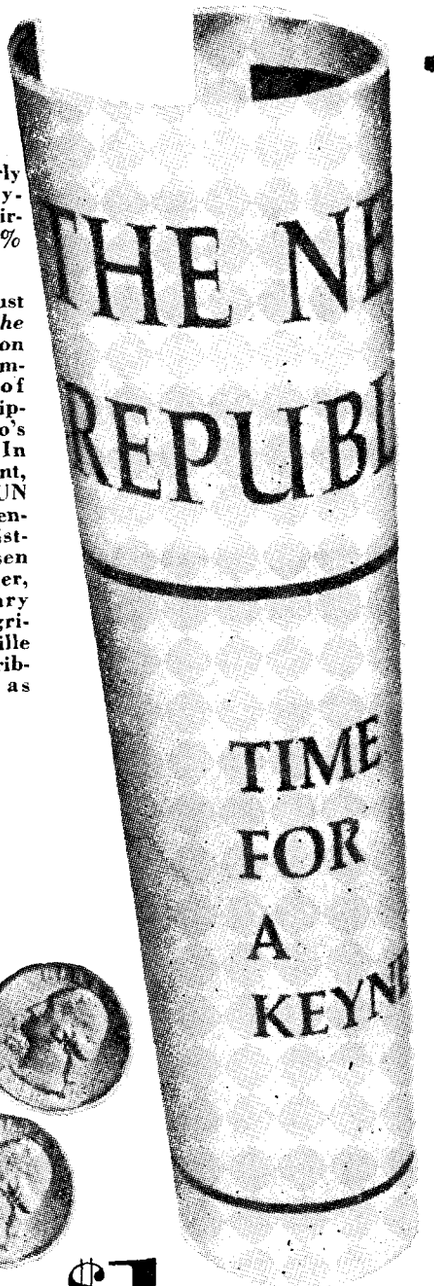

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